

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 531.—Vol. XXI.

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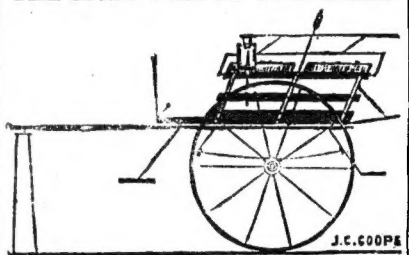
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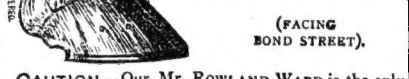


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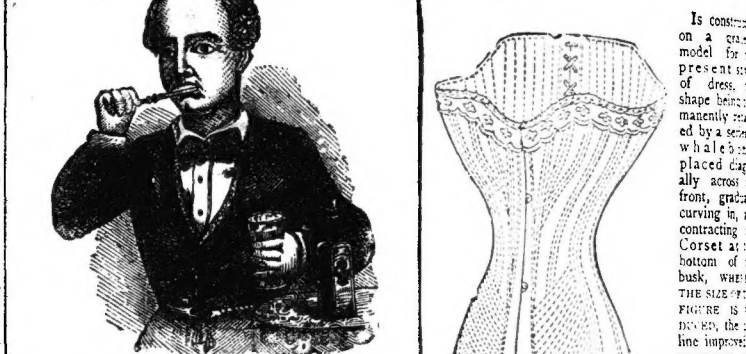
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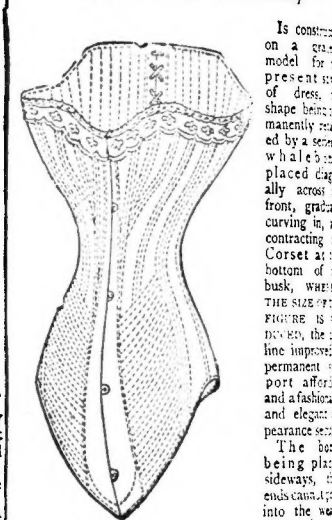


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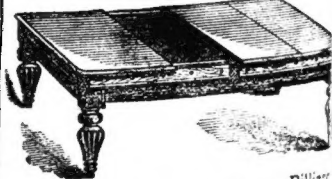
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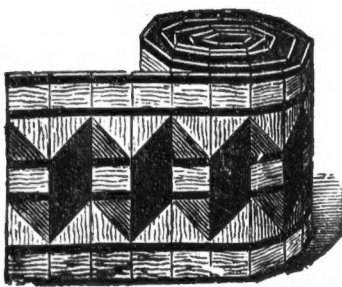
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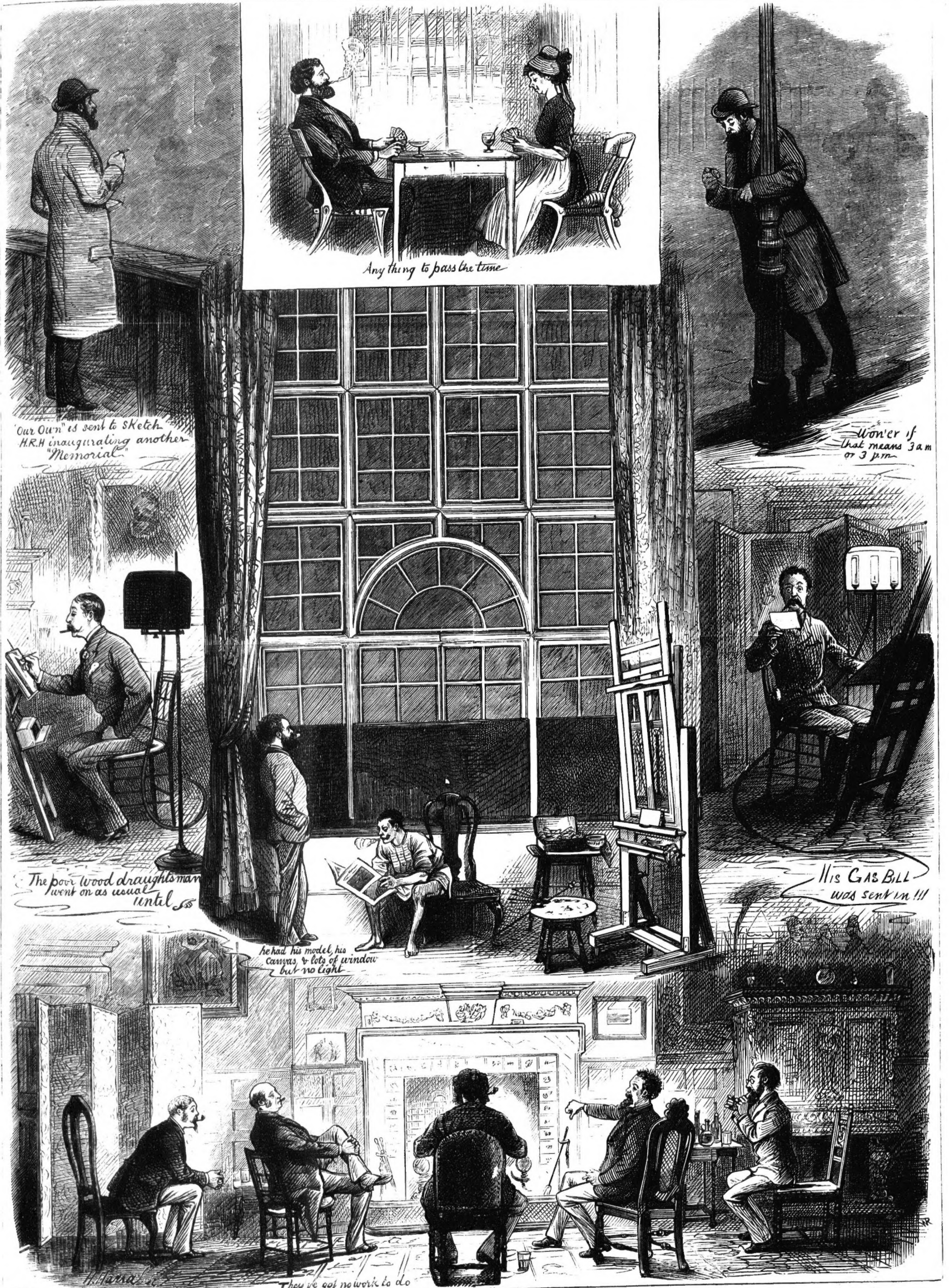
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880

PRICE SIXPENCE
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ARTISTS IN A FOG

Topics of the Week

MR. BRIGHT'S IRISH PANACEA.—In this country, as well as in the United States, various important questions are apt to "get into politics," that is, to be discussed entirely from a partisan point of view. The proposed remedies for the removal of Irish discontent and distress belong emphatically to this category, and not a few persons believe that Mr. Bright's scheme is put forth at the present time with the view of enabling the Radicals (who have notoriously failed in their efforts to arouse public indignation against the foreign policy of the Government) to ride into office hoisted on the shoulders of the Home Rule Brigade. To these insinuations Mr. Bright might fairly retort that the possession of office, or, in other words, the conversion of the present Opposition minority into a majority, is necessary in order to enable him to help his Irish friends as he would wish to help them. However this may be, we may here say a few words about his scheme without importing any party spirit into the discussion. There is nothing violent or confiscatory about the plan, but if carried out in its entirety, it would produce very far-reaching consequences. The existing resident Irish gentry would disappear, for it is scarcely likely that, when divorced from the soil, they would care to stop in a country where they would be regarded as the dispossessed Turks are by the Bulgarians. The Roman Catholic Church would be more powerful than ever, for the Protestants would have vanished, and she would exercise absolute sway over an army of illiterate peasant proprietors and their dependents. It is easy to imagine the sort of members which such an Ireland would send to the British Parliament. We English, however, would cheerfully put up with all this, if Mr. Bright's plan would make the mass of the Irish people prosperous and contented. But would it? In the first place, during the period of conversion of tenants into owners the Government as landlord would incur a frightful amount of odium. Conceive the pother which would be raised if the Government dared to seize a cow or a pig for rent, and yet, unless the instalments were regularly paid, Mr. Bright's scheme would become a mere farce, and the land might as well be given to the tenants outright. Secondly, Mr. Bright's scheme would only convert into owners a comparatively prosperous minority; the mass of cottiers, equally consumed with the "earth-hunger," would still be left out in the cold. The temptation on the part of the new owners to sublet their land would be very great, and in another generation or two a new breed of landlords, quite as exacting as their predecessors, would make their appearance. Comprehensive schemes of draining, reclamation of waste lands, and tree-planting, which, from an agricultural point of view, are Ireland's chief needs at the present time, would be harder to attain than ever if the whole island were parcelled out under a number of small owners.

THE APPROACHING SESSION.—The disadvantages of party government have never been more strikingly exhibited than they are likely to be during the coming Session. All the proceedings of Parliament will be dominated by one consideration—the effect which they will probably produce on the constituencies. The Ministry, knowing that its fate will be decided at the General Election, will take care to introduce only such measures as are adapted to conciliate popular opinion; the Opposition, on the other hand, have the strongest motive not to allow any measure to become law that would tell in favour of their enemies. If we may judge from recent experience, many members of the Liberal party will not hesitate to do what they can to hamper legislation. They would not, of course, resist any scheme which they believed to be necessary to the national welfare; but they so dislike the Cabinet that they would find it hard to convince themselves that any of its proposals were good. We may, therefore, expect that even more time than usual will be lost in useless and undignified wrangling. It has been stated with an air of authority by the *Daily News* that an important scheme for the reform of the Land Laws is to be introduced by the Lord Chancellor. If the announcement is well founded, the Liberals would unquestionably act prudently in supporting the measure; for the question is one which must ultimately be dealt with, and the Tories are much more likely to grant concessions when they are in power than to yield to dictation hereafter. The plan attributed to them may not be so far-reaching as some Radicals would like, but it would achieve most of the results which the Liberal party as a whole regards as at present attainable. Another Bill which the Government will probably push forward will be the Criminal Code; and we may hope that they will at last be in earnest in their treatment of the Bankruptcy Laws. Should they dispose of all these questions, they will be able with good reason to congratulate themselves on their tact and energy.

ARCTIC BALLOONACY.—Few geographical secrets remain now unexplored, and therefore people are all the more anxious to penetrate to the Poles. A burst of this popular enthusiasm occurred a few years ago, resulting in the not-too-successful Nares' Expedition. The North Pole appears to be the favourite, we presume because it is nearer the chief centres of civilisation, though there is no reason to suppose

that there is anything more interesting to be seen there than at the earth's southern extremity. A feeling in favour of a fresh Polar Expedition has again begun to manifest itself, as is shown by the influential assemblage which assembled on Wednesday at the Mansion House to discuss Commander Cheyne's project. This project has already been severely criticised by, amongst others, Lord Bury, who has a right to speak with some authority on the subject. If it were merely a question of money, that would be the subscribers' affair, and the outside public would have no claim to interfere. But when we remember the sufferings and risks endured by the sledge-parties of the Nares Expedition, which was equipped regardless of cost, we cannot help fearing that the members of the Cheyne Expedition, which proposes to make use of only one ship, and hopes to accomplish its main object by the use of balloons, will very seriously endanger their lives. The French know more about practical ballooning than any other nation, and their experience shows that it is a most haphazard method of travelling. If you get into a railway train, the chances are in favour of your reaching the place to which you booked; but if you enter a balloon at Paris, you may be landed at Brest, or Strassburg, Christiania, or Algiers. Does Commander Cheyne certainly know that the currents of air, between latitude 80° and the Pole, are so favourable to ballooning as he alleges? Because, if he does not, it seems to us that the risk run is so great as to be almost suicidal.

LORD DERBY AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.—The support given by Lord Derby to Lord Ramsay in Liverpool has raised afresh the question as to the proper relation of a statesman to a party from which he may have seceded. No one disputes the right of a politician to break away from associations with which he has ceased to sympathise. The late Lord Derby was not less true a Tory because he was at one time a distinguished Whig; nor is Mr. Gladstone a less sincere Liberal because he began his career as an extreme Tory. Changes of this kind may be perfectly right and natural, and only people of hopelessly vulgar minds apply to all who undergo them such names as "renegades" and "rats." But the case of Lord Derby is peculiar. He himself claims, and many Liberals claim for him, that the policy of the Government rapidly deteriorated after his retirement. But impartial observers cannot accept this view. It is true that the Ministry proceeded from talk to action; but their action was not only not opposed to their previous talk, but was its immediate and necessary consequence. And who was mainly responsible for the policy which led to the despatch of the fleet through the Dardanelles and to the calling out of the Reserves? Why, Lord Derby. As Foreign Minister, he sanctioned every measure which led step by step to the course which he now so vehemently condemns. It was he who refused to accept the Berlin Memorandum, and who clearly defined the interests with which England would not allow Russia to interfere. So thoroughly was he identified with the policy of the Government that he was attacked with hardly less bitterness than his chief. Indeed, Mr. Freeman exhausted the language of vituperation in setting forth the enormity of his political sins. Lord Derby, therefore, scarcely displays the good taste that might be expected of him in acting as if he had always been an enemy of the Cabinet. He would stand better with most of his countrymen if, in the present phase of the controversy, he let the foreign policy of the nation alone, and confined himself to subjects about which his consistency has never been questioned.

COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.—The most potent remedy against these disasters is one which we have several times mentioned, but which is not likely ever to be adopted. If in every pit there was always at work the son of a wealthy, influential man; such an interest, on the "take-care-of-Dowb" principle, would be taken in colliery explosions that they would rarely happen. For instance, although much additional money would have to be spent, mines would be provided with more shafts, so that ventilation would be better, and there would be more opportunities of exit. An efficient substitute would be found for the miserable dim light afforded by the Davy lamp, the door of which the hewer is under great temptation to unlock. The electric light, which has already been successfully tried in mines, would no doubt, if "Dowb's" safety were a matter of consideration, be universally adopted. Lastly, gunpowder blasting, which, at all events in fiery mines, must be far more risky than opening a Davy lamp, would be discontinued. The practice is condemned by experienced men, and it is confidently stated that in the form of compressed air an equally powerful blasting agent can be provided.

AN IRISH SQUABBLE.—We are so accustomed in this country to distinguish between official and personal relations that it is difficult to understand why the Duke of Marlborough refused to dine, as on former occasions, with the Lord Mayor of Dublin. The utterances of Mr. Gray with regard to Home Rule were very naturally displeasing to the Viceroy; but Mr. Gray the Home Ruler and Mr. Gray the Lord Mayor must be judged by different canons, and it would have been well, perhaps, if the Duke had been content to apply this principle. The incident is a little ridiculous, and it would be nothing else than ridiculous were it not a true indication of the state of feeling which now unhappily prevails in Ireland. The contrast of parties is generally more extreme among the

Irish than among ourselves, but even Irish politics have seldom been marked by greater bitterness than that which exists at the present moment. Most of the Home Rulers seem to have lashed themselves into a furious hatred of England, and the supporters of the English connection respond only too readily to their abuse. Already the inevitable consequences of a struggle carried on in this way are beginning to reveal themselves. Unless the reports which reach us from the West of Ireland are greatly exaggerated, the suffering in the distressed districts is hardly less severe than that which excited the pity of all Europe upwards of thirty years ago. It might have been expected that the aid of England would have been splendidly generous; yet as a matter of fact she subscribes tardily to the various funds which have been opened, and the money so far provided is not nearly adequate. This is deeply to be regretted, but Irish "patriots" have no right to express astonishment at the fact; it is they who are chiefly responsible for the coldness with which appeals from their country are received. In the same way their vehemence deters many Englishmen from impartially considering the question how the permanent grievances of Ireland may be most satisfactorily remedied. Everybody is anxious to see the Irish people conciliated; but, when their leaders urge impracticable demands, there is a general disinclination to listen even to moderate schemes. Mr. Parnell and his friends have incurred a heavy responsibility by the course they have seen fit to pursue. Instead of promoting the cause of Ireland, they have done more to retard it than any politicians who have dealt with the subject for a generation.

BEER IN INDIA.—Everybody knows that the average Englishman who goes to the tropics may change his sky but does not change his beverage. He still remains devoted to malt liquors. Indeed, it used to be satirically said, though it would be scarcely true now that we have made so many railways, that if the English quitted India the only memorial of their supremacy would be the empty beer-bottles. Again, the bitter beer which, within the memory of elderly men, has so greatly superseded the sweet ales patronised by our forefathers, was originally brewed for Anglo-Indian consumption. After a while it became fashionable at home, just as the taste for sardines (and, indeed, "canned" goods generally), dates from the period when comestibles of this character were exported so largely for the benefit of the gold-seekers in California and Australia. To return to beer. In some statistics about the trade of India during 1878-9, we note a decrease in the import of British beers of no less than 238,866 gallons. This startling decline is attributed, not to an increase of teetotallers, but partly to the fact that cheap and palatable beer is brewed at Simla, and other hill-stations, and partly because Anglo-Indians are beginning to prefer the light German beers. We wish our brewers and publicans would take this hint. The mass of people in this country will never become teetotallers; but thousands of them, if they could get it, especially in the summer time, would like to drink a cheap brisk beer of very slightly intoxicating qualities. There is a well-known professional called "the Doctor," who is employed by the publicans to perform some mysterious incantations among the casks in their cellars. Perhaps this is why their malt liquors are often so heady and so heavy.

GERMANY AND HER NEIGHBOURS.—Prince Bismarck is severely blamed by a good many, even of his own countrymen, for demanding a large increase of the already immense German army. And it must be admitted that the nation will find it hard to endure any fresh burdens. For many years its industrial energies have been terribly hampered by its military system; they will now have no chance of being freely developed. After all, however, what the German Chancellor has first to think of is the safety of the Empire, and he has probably good reasons for knowing that the existing army, vast as it is, is not sufficient for the tasks that may be imposed upon it. English politicians sometimes talk as if there were no elements of disturbance in Europe save those which, it is said, have been created or fostered by Lord Beaconsfield. Probably they do not seriously entertain this odd view, but if they do it is certain that Prince Bismarck does not agree with them. His difficulty is that there are two Powers by which Germany is detested, and that it is not at all improbable that they will by and by act together. France, indeed, if she stood alone, might be trusted to remain quiet for some time, but this cannot be confidently asserted of Russia. We have not heard so much of the Nihilists lately as we did a few months ago, but this does not mean that the force of revolutionary agitation has been broken; it simply means that the Government is more successful in suppressing the manifestations of national discontent. A large section of the Russian people appear to be resolved that by some means or other existing institutions shall be overthrown, while others, who do not go so far, insist that they shall be in many respects modified. Is there no danger that in these circumstances a foreign war will be considered the only effectual method of preventing a more perilous war at home? The Czar entered upon the struggle with Turkey mainly because of the condition of parties in his own Empire, and because of the condition of parties in his own Empire, and his most influential advisers know that a conflict with Germany, notwithstanding its dangers, would be hardly less popular than his crusade on behalf of oppressed Slavonic nationalities. Were he forced into an enterprise of this kind, France could hardly be expected to hold back; the

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temptation would probably be too great even for her most prudent statesmen. Prince Bismarck is obliged to shape his policy in accordance with these disagreeable facts, and he will be supported by an overwhelming majority in the Reichstag. The prospect is deplorable, but it is useless for English philanthropists to try to abate the evil by passing eloquent resolutions in favour of peace. We suspect that disarmament is much more likely to be brought about by the exhaustion of Europe than by pacific aspirations.

RAILWAY CARRIAGE DOORS.—The other day at the Shoreditch Station of the North London Railway a porter was thrown down, dragged under the wheels of the train, and killed, while engaged in closing the carriage doors. The wonder is that such accidents do not occur oftener, considering that on these metropolitan lines, where there are long trains and very short stoppages, the whole of the doors are rarely fastened before the train is travelling at a dangerously rapid rate. The reason, of course, is that by practice these poor fellows acquire great skill, and can shut a door which would infallibly throw an amateur off his feet. Railway servants are beset by many perils which are either inevitable, or are induced by their own foolhardiness, but, with regard to the closing of carriage doors, they run, without any fault of their own, a considerable risk on certain lines about twelve times an hour throughout the day. Is there no remedy for this? The Swiss method of constructing carriages would not answer on our London lines, for the passengers could never swarm in and out quickly enough for the exigencies of the traffic if there was only an opening at each end of a long carriage. So long as there are careless people and children about, we cannot, while adhering to our present make of carriages, dispense with doors altogether, but would it not be possible, as is already the case with some newly-constructed railway coaches, to make the doors shut automatically, so that a push from the porter would close them? In this way, the risk of accident, which chiefly arises from turning the handles, would be greatly diminished.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 116 and 125.—A NEW SERIAL STORY, entitled "LORD BRACKENBURY," by MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c., will be commenced in "THE GRAPHIC" ON FEBRUARY 14 NEXT, and continued weekly until completed. The Illustrations will be from the Pencil of LUKE FILDEN, A.R.A.

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ARTISTS IN A FOG

"THE artists in a fog," writes the artist, "are fancy sketches of what may have happened during the late thick weather. Of course, our readers are aware that a painter is helpless in a foggy atmosphere, but a wood draughtsman, having no colours to work but black and white (by the way, they are not colours), can work equally well by day or gaslight. Some of the late fogs were so very dense that I don't think the difficulty the convivial artist is in is very far-fetched. 'All Fours' is rather far-fetched, charwomen, as a rule, not being very enticing company. The middle sketch shows a window in a friend's studio, and the fancy-costumed man on the chair is a model. I have left him in his shirt rather than dress him in a very fancy costume, as a good deal can be drawn from a man in his shirt,—ancient Britons, Roman warriors, Saxons, &c.' The last sketch is a sketch of a few artists discussing art, or just as likely the latest murder, at a studio fire, it being too dark to do anything else."

EARL BEACONSFIELD'S RESIDENCE AT HUGHENDEN

THE entrance of Hughenden Manor is situated on the north side of the mansion, overlooking a beautifully wooded park known as the "German Forest," the complete solitude of which is broken only by the screech of the royal peacock. The Library is situated on the south side of the mansion, the windows looking on to a very handsome terrace tastefully ornamented with statuary, which is the favourite walk of the Premier when at Hughenden, and which commands extensive views of the Wycombe Valley. It is here that Her Majesty planted a tree on the occasion of her visit, and more recently another was added by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—Our engravings are from photographs by J. P. Starling, High Wycombe, Bucks.

HIER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

See page 109.

SEKUKUNI'S LAST RETREAT

THE cave in which Sekukuni was captured, or rather succession of caves communicating with each other, and penetrating far into the depths of the mountain, are capable of holding hundreds of people, but Sekukuni was soon starved into submission, Ferreira's horsemen having prevented the possibility of his taking in with him any supplies whatever. So near, indeed, were his pursuers that the meat which was intended for the use of the King was seized at the entrance to the cave. During the forty-eight hours which intervened between the chief's being run to earth and his submission, all apertures leading to the caves were zealously guarded by Ferreira's men, assisted by our sable allies the Swazies. Shots were continually exchanged night and day, and it was a matter of considerable risk to the men on guard, who had to be perpetually on the *qui vive*.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Major Hugh M'Calmont, 7th Hussars.

THE RUSH TO THE PIT'S MOUTH

In this drawing we have a vivid representation of the intense excitement which so rapidly spreads amongst the inhabitants of a mining village whenever the dreadful sound of an explosion is heard. The poor creatures know too well the meaning of the awful sound, and all start immediately for the pit's mouth, the brave men eager to render what assistance they can, even at the risk of their own lives, and the weeping women and children to learn the fate of their relatives who were at work in the bowels of the earth. Of the sixty-eight men engaged in the Fair Lady Pit, Leycett, when the explosion took place there last week, only six now survive, six of the twelve who were brought to the surface alive having died from the effects of their injuries. The majority of the dead were buried on Sunday at the various contiguous places, the funeral expenses being borne by the Colliery Company, and the scene of the disaster was visited by thousands of persons from the surrounding districts. The work of relieving the bereaved families is being actively carried on, subscription-boxes being placed at the colliery, and in the churchyards and neighbouring villages, and a fund having been started by the Mayor of Newcastle. Great sensation has been created by the publication in a local paper of a letter signed "Sulphur," who says that a like disaster, on a much larger scale, is generally

expected in another pit, which fresh gangs of miners are daily leaving, because they know that, in consequence of the air-roads being blocked up, an amount of gas has accumulated sufficient to blow up half-a-dozen pits at once.

THE SEVERE WEATHER IN FRANCE

A MOST singular wave of cold has passed over Central Europe this winter, and the full force of it seems to have been felt in France, where the country has been many feet deep in snow, while the rivers have been more completely frozen over than has been remembered for a great number of years. The Loire in particular has suffered from the frost, and even as low down as Nantes the river was frozen to the mouth, a distance of some forty miles. Thus when the partial thaw of a fortnight since began great fears were entertained that the channel would become blocked with the great masses of ice carried down by the stream, and all due precautions were taken as far as possible to secure a free passage for the ice. Nevertheless in the portion between Saumur and Angers, where the river is studded with islands and widens only to narrow again, a terrible block occurred. The inhabitants of the Island of Souzay, mostly farmers, were compelled to quit their homes, the island being in danger of being overwhelmed with the great ice floes, for in a very short time the whole of the ice from the upper part of the river had collected at a point about a mile and a half distant from Saumur, i.e., an extent of ice which had covered some twenty-five square leagues of surface was compressed into a space of six miles in length and eight hundred yards in width. This tremendous mass of ice presented a most fantastic appearance, and looked like a huge quarry of gypsum which had been rent by numerous explosions—great blocks of ice being lifted one upon the other and assuming the most fanciful shapes. Large numbers of military engineers were despatched by the Government to form a channel by blowing up the ice with dynamite, and at one time the Minister of Public Works was expected to visit the spot. The frost, however, set in again, and no disaster happened, though much danger is apprehended when the weather again breaks, especially as where the block occurs there is an embankment which protects from the river a large and thickly populated valley. This will be completely inundated, should, as may yet happen, the embankment give way. Every precaution against such a disaster has been taken, and a channel has now been cut.

THE REVOLUTION IN PERU—THE PLAZA AT LIMA

LIMA during a revolution is anything but a pleasant town to live in; business is almost entirely brought to a standstill, crowds of people mass in the Plaza, and are addressed by some revolutionist from a balcony of one of the houses. The soldiers and police are always ready to fire at anybody or everybody, and generally manage to kill the wrong persons. Revolutions in Peru, as a rule, do not always end in bloodshed; but there have been some very distressing exceptions. It is startling, and not to say unpleasant, to a stranger who happens during the time of a disturbance to be walking quietly down some street, to see a sudden rush of people, and before he can look round the shutters of the shops will be put up, the doors barred, and he will find himself alone in the street, and still more alarming it will be if a small detachment of soldiers appear round the corner, and proceed to level their muskets at him. He is lucky if he can escape into a doorway, or some other place of refuge.

It is exceedingly dangerous for any Englishman to show his face in the town on these occasions, for we certainly are not liked in Peru, they feel that they are under pecuniary obligations to us, and in consequence a revolution is a very good excuse to put a bullet through one of their creditors. Therefore an Englishman (or "Gringo," as they call us in Peru) stands a good chance of being fired at by either side, and does well to stay indoors until things have quieted down. The English residents could not go out into the streets with safety for more than a week during the disturbance caused by the naval encounter between the *Huascar* and the *Shah* in 1877.

The Plaza, being the largest open space in the town, is of course the favourite spot for the crowds to congregate, and it is the commencement of one of these animated scenes that we have endeavoured to depict in our sketch. It is remarkable how all classes seem to come together—at these times, the best-dressed, or so-called gentlemen of Lima joining with the Cholo (or half-breed) in their own country's disgrace. The background of the drawing is the fine old Cathedral of Lima, where the bones of the Peruvian conqueror, Francisco Pizarro, are supposed to lie, and where the pillars of the altars are all massive silver.

There have been many disturbances in this town of late. General Prado, the President, has been forced to fly the country, and Pierola has now become Dictator of Peru in his stead. About sixty lives are estimated to have been lost during the last revolution on the 22nd of December. Of this the details will be found in the "Foreign News." No wonder that Peru is not successful in the battlefield, when such terrible tragedies are taking place in one of her own towns.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND

See page 118.

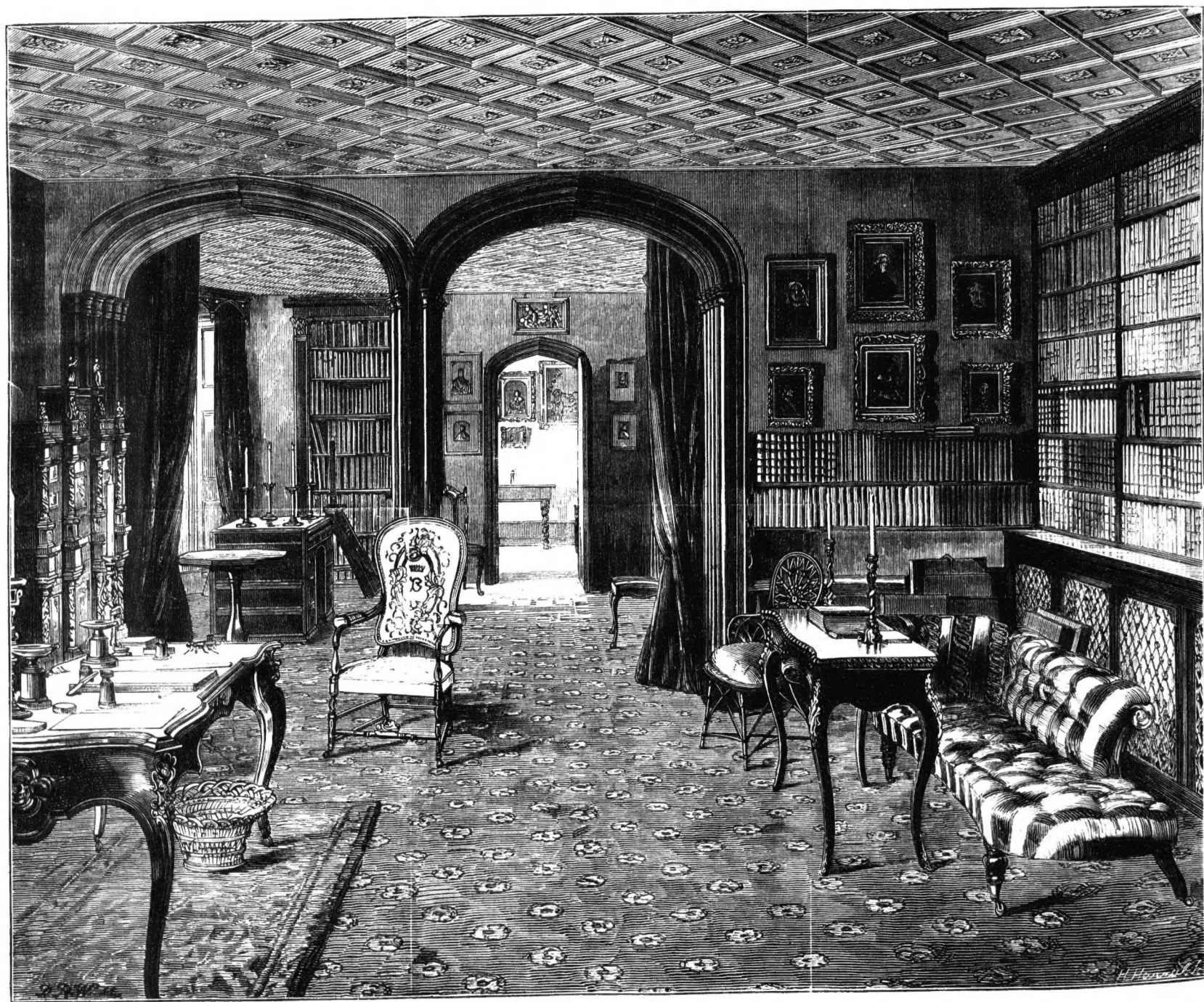
THE BELGIAN AFRICAN EXPEDITION

THE African International Association Expedition, formed to follow up the discoveries of Mr. Stanley, and to open out the inner heart of Africa for commercial purposes, has been organised by the Belgian Geographical Society, under the immediate auspices of the King, who has taken the highest interest throughout in the proceedings. As it was desirable that the experiment should be tried of opening out an elephant route to the interior, the King made the Expedition a present of four Indian elephants, which were shipped last May at Bombay for Zanzibar on board the B.I.S.N. Company's vessel the *Chinsura*. On arriving at their destination, the question arose as to how these unwieldy animals were to be landed, and it was finally decided to convey them to Msasani Bay, situated near Dar-es-Salaam, and about thirty miles south of Zanzibar, where they might swim ashore from the ship, as the *Chinsura* would be enabled to approach to within about 200 yards of the coast. As, however, the nearest point of shore appeared to be very thickly covered with jungle, it was decided to induce the elephants to swim to a clearing some 800 yards from the vessel. Accordingly the strongest of the four was selected, and, with his Mahout on his back, was hoisted over the side into the water; but the elephant, stiff with a month's confinement on board ship, and completely bewildered, declined to make for the shore, and frantically endeavoured to regain the steamer, paying no attention to the energetic remonstrances of his driver. Ultimately a rope was attached to him, and one of the ship's boats took him in tow. After strenuous efforts his head was turned landwards, and in a short time, perceiving the land, he began to move vigorously, leaving in his wake a long streak of foam, and on reaching the beach, after some three hours and a half's immersion, began to gambol with delight, to the great astonishment and awe of the natives, who had never before seen a tame elephant. The vessel having been moored nearer in shore, the next day the three remaining elephants were duly landed, only at the nearer point, as it was found that they could make their way through the jungle perfectly well. By the last advices we learn that the first portion of the Expedition, under Lieutenant Cambier, had safely arrived on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, and was preparing to establish a colony in the neighbourhood of Kirema on the Lake shore, where some 2,500 acres had been acquired by the Association by Treaty from the Sultan of Oulipa. Close by is Oukhouendi, of which Stanley

(Continued on page 110.)



THE PRINCIPAL FRONT



THE LIBRARY

EARL BEACONSFIELD'S RESIDENCE AT HUGHENDEN

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

LADY FRANCES ANNE EMILY VANE, eldest daughter of the third Marquis of Londonderry, K.G., was married, in 1843, to the sixth Duke of Marlborough, who, since 1876, has been Viceroy of Ireland. Two sons and six daughters are the issue of this union. Her Grace's name has of late been prominently brought before the public, because of the energy she has displayed in initiating a fund for the relief of Irish distress. In her letter, which appeared in the public journals of the 18th ult., she predicts—and her forecast has already been painfully fulfilled—that “in most of the western districts of Ireland there will be extreme misery and suffering among the poor, owing to want of employment, loss of turf, loss of cattle, and failure of potatoes, unless a vigorous effort of private charity is got up to supplement the ordinary system of Poor Law Relief.” Her Grace proposed to meet this distress by organising a Central Committee in Dublin aided by local committees elsewhere, and suggested that the moneys collected should be spent on fuel, food, clothing, especially for the aged and weak, and in small sums to keep out of the workhouse the families of the able-bodied in temporary distress.

As we ventured to remark last week, the public response to this appeal has been somewhat disappointing. We need not here repeat the causes to which this comparative apathy is due. Still a fairly large sum is being gradually collected, and it is satisfactory to learn from the Dublin correspondent of *The Times* that it is dispensed with the utmost care, and that great economy has been observed in the distribution. Those who have hitherto given nothing need not imagine that their contributions will come too late, on the contrary, the greatest pinch has probably not yet been felt, and unless further liberal gifts are received, the fund will soon be exhausted. It is only fair to state that besides the “Duchess of Marlborough's Fund,” which is intended for the most distressed districts of the South and West, there is also the (Dublin) Mansion House Fund, which embraces the whole country in its object, besides considerable sums which have been collected by the Roman Catholic clergy, both in Ireland, the United States, and the colonies. Nor must we forget the loans advanced to landowners, which are being freely applied for, and which ought, if judiciously applied, not merely to relieve temporary pressure, but to produce permanent benefit. —Our portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough is from a photograph by Chancellor and Son, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.



THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND—HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN THE TYROL

THE following details may be found interesting, as they describe one of our engravings of Jan. 17. In November of this year, for the first time, the bells of a Protestant church rang for Divine service in the Tyrol, at Innsbruck. Three times during past centuries all that Roman Catholicism terms heresy has been expelled from the Tyrol, and if in the last instance, in 1834, without bloodshed or the *auto-da-fé*, yet none the less in the bitter spirit of the intolerance of the Middle Ages. The Protestants banished from the Tyrol in 1834 found the protection of Frederick William of Prussia, who gave them land to settle on at Erdmannsdorf and Firschbach, at the foot of the Risenberg. Not till 1869 did Protestants in the Tyrol again raise their voice to claim freedom of worship with some prospect of success. Three men especially took up the cause of their Evangelical brethren: they were the director of the Innsbruck Gas Company, Heinrich; the architect Gerok, of Stuttgart, then a resident at Innsbruck; and the railway superintendent Astfalk, now located at Cologne. These three champions of Protestant liberty were present at the opening of the present place of worship, which has been secured by the energy of Berthold Stein, the son of Dr. Stein of Breslau, and by the exertions of the Rev. Julius Ergenzinger. The church dates from 1770; the house fronting on the street dates from 1600 *circa*, or earlier. It was sold as a patrician residence in 1634. The house and chapel had been used by the town of Innsbruck for the last century for school purposes. It is a massive building. The *façade* has been quite renovated, and the church newly decorated. The altar-piece, by Brixinensis (a fresco), dates from 1777, and shows St. John the Baptist pointing to the Agnus Dei, and has been restored by Hugo Harthelme of Munich, who has further embellished the chapel by painting the Four Evangelists in fresco on the vaulted ceiling. Professor Dr. John Delitzsch, of Leipzig, has presented to the church three bells, for the two largest of which a belfry has been constructed. At the opening service on the 1st of November more than half the assembled congregation consisted of Roman Catholics of high respectability.

A SOCIETY WEEKLY JOURNAL, the *Hour*, modelled on the London *World*, will shortly be published in New York.



THE CAPTURE OF SEKUKUNI—ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE WHERE HE WAS FOUND

spoke in highly favourable terms. Here Lieutenant Cambier will be joined by the second section of the Expedition, under Captain Popelin, a Belgian Staff officer, and Dr. Van der Henvel, who will bring the elephants, and considerable pains will be taken to provide the station with food, merchandise, medical stores, arms, instruments, and all necessities for travellers who may stop there for rest, or require money or assistance. From Kirema, either Captain Popelin or Lieutenant Cambier will first proceed with part of the Expedition. The explorers have met with the inevitable drawbacks and hardships inseparable from African exploration; but at present all the difficulties have been surmounted, and only three members have died and two been compelled to return home. Of the elephants one has died; but the survivors, when last heard of, were doing well, and becoming accustomed to green food instead of the rice with which they had been previously fed.

AN INDIAN HILL STATION AND VIEWS IN BURMAH

See page 118.

MADRAS HARBOUR

Most people who know anything at all about India know that Madras has no natural harbour, that a tremendous surf breaks on the shore there, and that the landing of goods and passengers has consequently hitherto been a troublesome and costly process.

In order to remedy this evil, official sanction was finally given, after much previous deliberation, to the design of Mr. William Parkes, M.I.C.E., of Westminster, and in the latter part of 1875, preliminary operations were begun under the superintendence of Mr. James May, aided by Mr. N. St. B. Beardmore. On December 15th, 1875, the Prince of Wales laid a memorial stone on the site of the proposed harbour.

The actual work of constructing the present North Pier (the first to be begun) was commenced in January, 1876, by tipping loose rubble stone into the sea to form a bank through the first line of surf. In May, 1876, the work sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. May, and the charge fell to Mr. Beardmore until the arrival in Madras, in August, of Mr. F. N. Thorowgood, M.I.C.E., the present Superintendent.

Mr. Parkes's design consists of two piers, or breakwaters, formed of concrete blocks, laid in regular order upon a foundation or bank of rubble stone. The two piers run out from the shore at a distance of 3,000 feet apart until they reach seven fathoms' depth of water, when they both curve gently inwards towards one another until, in a depth of eight fathoms, their heads or terminations are 550 feet apart. This opening of 550 feet between the heads will form the entrance and exit for vessels.

In the area enclosed by the two piers between forty and fifty vessels will be able to lie at properly-appointed moorings with perfect comfort, and the obnoxious surf will be done away with, so that the landing of goods and passengers will be carried on without any difficulty or discomfort in all weathers. Mr. Parkes's estimate for the whole work is 565,000*l*.

In the early stages of the work great difficulties were encountered from the immense quantity of sand which, borne by the waves, constantly travels up and down the Coromandel Coast, and this sand at times buried the rubble foundations of the two piers for a depth of eight feet, causing much delay. Eventually, after the trial of numerous expedients, the engineers succeeded in overcoming the difficulty, and as the piers advanced into deeper water the sand trouble was left behind.

The first illustration represents the laying of the last block in the straight portion of the North Pier on October 18th, 1879, when the pier had reached a distance of 2,600 feet from the shore line. As this was rather an event in the history of the works, the occasion was made in some small degree a public one, and Mr. Thorowgood took the opportunity of presenting the two leading English foremen with a silver tankard each as a mark of approbation.

The next two illustrations show the block yard and block-making machinery and the gearing for raising the crushed stone to the top of the concrete mixing station. The concrete blocks are made in the usual manner of pouring the soft concrete into wooden moulds, and allowing it to set hard.

The last gives a general view of the Harbour as it was on October 6th, 1879, taken from the top of the Madras Lighthouse.

The works are going on briskly now when the weather permits, and Mr. Parkes has reported to Government that he hopes the North Pier will be finished this year, and the South Pier in 1881.—Our engravings are from photographs by Messrs. Hughes Brothers of Madras.

NOTE.—Last week we omitted to mention that our engraving of "Cupid's Mirror" was from a photograph of M. Aubert's picture by Messrs. Goupil and Co., 25, Bedford Street, Strand.

THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN

WHAT line of policy we are finally to adopt towards Afghanistan is causing much speculation, and various suggestions for definitively solving the problem are constantly being brought forward and discussed. The most prominent during the past week has been a proposition—which, as it forms the subject of the weekly Indian telegram to *The Times*, is probably not new to official circles—that our troops should now withdraw to Jellalabad, and a proclamation be issued to the Afghans, stating that Her Majesty had not quarrelled with the Afghan people, but with their rulers, and that as the latter had been duly punished, her troops will be withdrawn from the capital in order to allow the Afghans to elect their future ruler of their own free will. Jellalabad and Candahar, however, will remain occupied until the new ruler is elected. While, however, Her Majesty desires no interference in internal affairs, the stipulation of the Treaty of Gandamak, that communication with foreign Governments shall be held subject to her approval, will be maintained. It is scarcely likely, however, that this suggestion will be carried out in its entirety, as, if we were to leave Cabul, those who have afforded us assistance would suffer severely at the hands of the returning Afghans, and as those who have befriended us include most of the prominent Sardars and many Princes of the best blood, the Government would fall into the hands of any man who, by intrigue or otherwise, secured the largest share of popular favour.

However, from a military point of view, we have by no means subdued the Afghans yet; and there is no lack of apparently authentic reports of the determination of Mahomed Jan, whose head-quarters are still at Ghuzni, to renew the conflict. Thus General Roberts continues to strengthen his position, and Major-General Bright is pushing forward his troops to Cabul, leaving flying columns at Jellalabad and Gandamak, while his place is being taken by General Ross. An expedition against Ghuzni is also being formed of Bombay troops, which, conducted by Brigadier-General Phayre, will probably start for that Afghan stronghold about the middle of March. All is quiet at Candahar; General Stewart will probably also retire with the Bengal troops now stationed there to Peshawur, by way of Ghuzni, General Phayre succeeding him in his command, and the whole district placed under the jurisdiction of the Bombay authorities. At Cabul all is quiet, and the communications at present uninterrupted; but the various tribes are still holding aloof, and seemingly only waiting their opportunity to swoop down upon our isolated detachments as they did during Mahomed Jan's temporary occupation of Cabul.



POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—Great preparations are being made for the opening of Parliament by Her Majesty, who will perform the ceremony in semi-state.—Invitations for the usual political banquets on the eve of the Session have been issued both by the leaders of the Ministry and the Opposition.—Mr. Bright's speech at Birmingham on Saturday was almost entirely confined to the Irish Land Question. He suggested that Parliament should appoint a Commission to go to Dublin with power to sell the farms of landlords to the tenants who were willing to buy them, and to advance three-fourths of the purchase-money for that purpose, principal and interest to be repaid in five-and-thirty years. In a second speech he condemned the militarism of the Continent, and remarked that Emperors and statesmen did not appear to be safer than if they were guarded by special constables; but seemed to be greatly occupied in sending messages of congratulation to one another on their escapes from assassination. "A Conservative," writing to a local paper, considers it noteworthy that Mr. Bright has actually spent nearly a week in the town, and delivered three orations, and yet has refrained from calling any one person "a liar," or any one else "a fool;" and that Mr. Chamberlain has gone through his part of the performance without entitling any member of the Government a swindler, or accusing any of our local politicians of vulgarity or impudence.—Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, speaking at Sandwich on Tuesday, deprecated the bitterness which at present characterised the speeches of political opponents. Criticising the acts of the Government, he declared that he could not support them, and that there was a spirit of uneasiness abroad as to what they might suddenly commit the country to. If they continued in office he would not offer a factious opposition; but he believed that peace, retrenchment, and reform could only be secured by the Liberals coming into power.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—Much excitement has been created in Dublin by the refusal of the Lord Lieutenant to attend the civic banquet on the 3rd prox., on account of certain resolutions having been passed at a recent meeting over which the Lord Mayor presided. The Lord Mayor and Corporation were, however, present at the first *levée* of the season on Tuesday, and they were loudly cheered by the crowd outside the Castle. The Duchess of Marlborough's Relief Fund now amounts to over 31,000*l*., and the Dublin Mansion House Fund to 23,800*l*. Lord Francis Osborne, who has just returned from the West of Ireland, says that the terrible nature of the distress has been understated. At a recent meeting of the Dublin Mansion House Committee it was decided to telegraph to America a contradiction of Mr. Parnell's statement that none of the relief funds except those of the National League would be given to suffering tenants who had failed to pay their rent. The Lord Mayor has called a meeting to establish a special fund for the relief of the poor of Dublin itself. More agrarian outrages are reported, several persons having been fired at through the windows of their own houses (in one case the bullet was found in the pillow upon which rested the head of the intended victim). On Tuesday night the residence of Mr. Ewing, formerly M.P. for Meath, was surrounded by a party of armed men, who fired in at the windows, but no one was hurt.

ELECTION NEWS.—Liverpool is now greatly agitated with electioneering business. The Conservative candidate for the vacant seat is Mr. Whitley, who has been Mayor of the town, and for many years Councillor for a ward containing 20,000 electors; whilst the Liberals have pinned their faith to Lord Ramsay. Until Wednesday the Home Rulers, unable to obtain a pledge from either of them, seemed likely to remain neutral, but on that evening Lord Ramsay made his peace with them by explaining that though he could not vote for the "restoration" of the old Irish Parliament he would for an inquiry. Both parties are sanguine of success, and are working hard to ensure it, and speech-making is the order of the day. On Tuesday Lord Sandon, addressing a large meeting in support of Mr. Whitley, said that the two great questions to be decided were whether we were to take care of our interests abroad, and whether Ireland was to remain an integral part of the British Empire. The Conservatives were a united party; but the Liberal leader, Lord Hartington, would probably be led by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone by Messrs. Chamberlain and Rylands, they by Messrs. Parnell and Biggar, so that at last we should have not only Home Rule in Ireland, but Irish Home Rulers ruling in England.—In view of the general election, manifestoes have been issued to all the constituencies by both the Liberation Society and the Anti-Game Law League.—Lord Clifden, who intends to stand for Rochester at the general election, has written to the *Sussex Express*, announcing that he now "throws off the mask of independence and neutrality," and declares himself a firm supporter of Lord Hartington.—Mr. Labouchere has declined the invitation of the Finsbury Radicals to contest that borough, because, although he approves of their programme, his personal friendship for Mr. Torrens makes him averse to oppose him.—On Wednesday the members for Brighton and East Sussex were entertained at a banquet given by the Brighton Conservative Association in the Dome of the Pavilion. A portrait of the Premier formed a prominent feature of the decorations, while beneath it the Opposition was symbolised by a stuffed tiger in the act of springing on its prey. There were at least a dozen speakers, among them being the Earl of Cadogan, who said that moderate Liberals had ceased to exist, and the country was now face to face with Radicalism; and Sir W. Hart-Dyke, who characterised Sir W. Harcourt's Birmingham speeches as a series of jokes unworthy even of a provincial pantomime.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES AND POLITICS.—On Monday, at a meeting held at the Guildhall Coffee House, a scheme for the establishment of a National Benefit Society, without political bias, but otherwise on the model of the Stroud Conservative Friendly Society, was propounded by Mr. H. A. F. Davis. Mr. T. Hughes, Q.C., who presided, emphatically protested against the employment of Friendly Societies for political purposes, but remarked that all social reformers should be ready to welcome any well-considered method of dealing with these matters. Their presence did not pledge them to the approval of the propounded plans, still less to membership of the National Society about to be started, least of all to any sanction of the use of Friendly Societies as political organisations for party purposes.

NATIONAL THRIFT.—The meeting at the Mansion House on Tuesday, which was to have discussed the subject of National Thrift, came to an unexpected and abortive conclusion. After the crowded audience had been kept waiting half an hour, the Lord Mayor, who was to have presided, appeared on the platform with Cardinal Manning, Professor Leone Levi, Canon Wilberforce, Dr. Richardson, and other gentlemen who had been announced as speakers, and Cardinal Manning at once proposed an adjournment, on the ground that "those present had not sufficient knowledge of the reach and extent of that which they would be called upon to determine." This extraordinary suggestion was supported by Mr. Hubbard, M.P., but was received with loud cries of dissent, and some one in the body of the meeting proposed as an amendment that the gentlemen who had prepared papers should read them, and thus open the question. The Lord Mayor, however, said that they as well as others wished for an adjournment "in the interest of thrift

itself." The Secretary of the National Thrift Society then told the meeting that the Lord Mayor had been influenced by certain unfounded charges brought against it by the Charity Organisation Society, and Dr. Richardson having spoken in support of the adjournment the meeting separated amid such cries as "Shame," "Papist," "The room is full of Jesuits," &c.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD on Tuesday received a deputation, headed by Mr. S. Morley, M.P., who presented a memorial asking them to award a salary to the Chairman of the Board. Considerable difference of opinion was expressed, some of the questions put to the deputation were so personal as to excite indignant protest from members of the Board, and ultimately the subject was shelved by the adoption of a resolution that the memorial should be respectfully received, and the memorialists informed that it is not expedient at the present time to consider the matter. Sir Charles Reed, who has gone to Cannes to avoid the cold and danger of an English winter, hopes to be able to resume his duties by Easter.

ACCIDENTS AND DISASTERS.—On Thursday last week four newly-constructed houses near Finsbury Park Station suddenly fell, and since then two others in the same block have partially given way. The workmen employed upon them were fortunately away at breakfast, or there would certainly have been great loss of life, and even as it was two persons who were in the basement of one of them had a narrow escape. The builder attributes the accident to the collapse of a sewer, which had been constructed since the houses were erected, and which, running too near to them, affected the foundations. There is to be a Board of Trade inquiry.—On Tuesday, as a party of liberty-men belonging to H.M.S. *Hecla* were returning to her across the harbour at Portsmouth, their boat was run down by one of the Ryde steam packets. The boat sank, but all the blue-jackets were saved except one, who was unable to swim.—The operations at the Tay Bridge are still going on, but with little result. Thirty-two bodies have now been recovered, one that of John Scott, of Dundee, being found last week by the divers, and another, that of a little girl named Neish, having drifted ashore at the south end of the bridge. The examination of the steam valve taken off the engine shows that the driver had shut off steam.—The renewal of the frost has been attended by fresh ice-accidents, among the victims being the son of Professor Rawlinson, who was a student at Keble College, Oxford, and who was drowned while skating on the Cherwell.—During the thick fog which prevailed on Tuesday a man who had safely taken a passenger across the river at North Woolwich, in a small boat, lost his way while endeavouring to return. He was heard shouting for more than an hour, and subsequently his dead body was washed ashore near the Arsenal.—The coroner's inquiry into the Burscough collision has ended in a verdict of culpable negligence against the pointsman Melia, who has accordingly been committed for trial. The jury at first wished to return the same verdict against both pointsmen, but changed their minds on the coroner reminding them that Spencer had gone off duty before the accident occurred.



AGRICULTURAL OPINIONS AT ABINGDON.—Mr. Little, the Assistant Commissioner, has been informed by the Abingdon Board of Guardians that a great evil in that district was the depreciation in the character and value of labour. It was very difficult now to find a man who could use the flail or scythe properly. As to farmers, road rates were very oppressive, and the School Boards had greatly increased cost of labour by compelling farmers to employ men at men's wages for work boys used to do for half. The Guardians did not think that the Land Laws had anything to do with the agricultural depression. Strange to say, they thought piece work had a bad rather than a good effect upon the labourer.

A HUNGRY FOX.—The other day, at Sutton Park, as the family of Sir John Burgoyne were at breakfast, a fox was observed quietly on the look-out for his morning meal. Reynard crossed the lawn quite coolly, and, entering the poultry yard, selected a duck. On the fox's return across the lawn, Sir John Burgoyne went out with a poodle, and gave chase to the marauder. At the end of a sharp run the fox was induced to drop the duck; but shortly afterwards the daring robber was observed again making for the poultry yard. Again observed, he was promptly hunted out of the park, though allowed to enjoy his life and liberty pending the arrival of a local meet day.

THE FARMERS' CLUB.—The meeting of this Club for the present year will be held at the Inns of Court Hotel, Holborn. The first meeting is fixed for Monday next, Feb. 2, when the "American Production of Wheat and Meat" will be the subject of an address from Mr. Finlay Dun. On the 1st of March Professor Pritchard will explain the "Hereditary Diseases of Cart Horses." On the 5th of April the "Price of Corn and the Official Average" will be discussed, Captain Craigie commencing the debate. A meeting on May 3 will bring the first Session to a close. "Identity of Landlords' and Tenants' Interests" should be a subject pregnant with the elements of a thoroughly good discussion. For November 1st "Laying Arable Land down to Pasture" will occupy members' attention, while the last meeting of the year on 6th December will conclude with a special paper on "American Farming," by Mr. C. S. Read, M.P.

THE NATIONAL FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.—The thirtieth annual report of this association will be submitted to the members on the 6th of February. The subscriptions for 1879 were 547,000*l*., the withdrawals 494,276*l*., and the members' capital at the beginning of 1880 was 1,402,996*l*. The convertible securities have been materially increased, and advances now amount to 1,197,318*l*, the rate of profit on completed shares was 4 per cent., and the reserve fund has been increased. For so dull a year as 1879, this seems to us a satisfactory report.

LINCOLNSHIRE FARMERS.—At the annual gathering of the Lincolnshire farmers at Brigg, Mr. H. Chaplin, M.P., spoke out frankly on the subject of the malt tax. This most unfair impost must, he said, be repealed. He advocated replacing it by an import duty on foreign corn.

YORKSHIRE FARMERS.—The annual dinner of the farmers round Wakefield has recently been held, Mr. W. S. Standhope, M.P., in the chair. The opinions on agriculture expressed were not cheerful. Most speakers seemed to think that a good harvest in 1880 might still save them; otherwise even the strongest would have to go down, as so many had succumbed already.

ENGLISH CHEESE MAKERS.—At the International Dairy Show recently held at New York, the first prize for English cheese was carried off by Mr. Thomas Nuttall of Beeby Manor, Leicester; for Stilton; the second prize by Mr. George Walley, of Nantwich, for Cheshire; and the third prize by Messrs. J. and W. Allen, for Cheddar.

THE GREAT PLOUGH.—The American taste for everything large has been once more gratified. An Illinois firm have just manufactured the largest plough ever known. It will cut a ditch thirty inches wide and two feet deep, and is worked by attaching it to a platform car of a construction tram by means of timbers framed

and extending out, so that the plough cuts its ditch a sufficient distance from the track. We should here explain that its first use will be for railroad making. It will, however, cut a furrow eight inches deep each time, requiring three of them to reach the proper depth, and it will make one mile of ditch two feet deep and three feet wide every four hours, thus doing the work of 1,000 men. Its total weight is 1,700 lbs.

THE AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS ACT.—At the annual dinner of the Newbury Chamber of Agriculture, Mr. Walter, M.P., said all his farms were let under the above Act. Upon the Tithe Question, which was one of the farmers' grievances, he was of opinion that the tithe was a charge upon the land, and considerable inconvenience would be avoided if all farms were let subject to this charge being paid by landlords.

LAMB AND VEAL.—Among other remarks addressed by an agriculturist to a daily contemporary we find the following: "Some people say 'Leave off eating lamb and veal, to make meat cheaper; 'tis a shame to kill them.' I say, produce more. It is a shame for a quantity of half-fat five-years-old beasts to be marching about, defying the public to eat them. Fancy a bullock, five years old, worth 25s., and another, two years old, worth 30s.—which pays? Five years old must be a loser; his capacious maw, if he has only eaten straw, cannot have been filled under threepence daily."



MR. TOOLE'S reappearance on the stage of the FOLLY Theatre, after an absence of some weeks, constitutes in itself a substantial addition to the entertainments of the metropolis. The severe illness from which the popular comedian has lately suffered, and the domestic affliction which combined with this distressing cause to compel himself to withdraw for a time from the management of the bright little house now under his control, furnished a double claim to the sympathy of audiences; nor were the friends and admirers who assembled to witness the performances on Wednesday last wanting in tokens of genuine sympathy. The public are sometimes said to care little for those whose talents are devoted to their amusement, in illustration of which the harsh judgments which they are apt to pass upon veterans who lag "superfluous on the scene" are sometimes cited. But the truth is that really popular actors generally establish a bond of sympathy between themselves and the public which must be severely strained indeed if it finally gives way. When special performances are organised for the benefit of some unfortunate member of the profession, it is rare not to find a generous response from the playgoing public; and nowadays the personal afflictions of favourite actors seldom fail, when they become known, to elicit in more or less degree those evidences of personal regard which were lavished upon Mr. Toole on Wednesday. For reasons that will be readily appreciated, he confines himself for the present, to his old parts, Mr. Byron's new comedy, *The Upper Crust*, being, however, understood to be in active preparation. His Paul Pry in Poole's celebrated comedy of that name, and his John Grumley in the amusing comedietta, *Domestic Economy*, lack no doubt the charm of novelty, and Mr. Toole has had in these characters distinguished predecessors. But his impersonations nevertheless bear the stamp of his own original powers. The restless curiosity assuming the character, not of a conscious peculiarity, as in Mr. J. S. Clarke's performance, but almost of a disease of the mind, is Mr. Toole's own interpretation, and it is one that adds greatly to the humour and truth of the performance. His assumption of the character of Grumley, the domestic tyrant who is at heart not a bad fellow, and is simply spoilt by his industrious good-natured wife's fond indulgence, is in like manner full of touches of an original kind; while, as regards the "business," as the players say, of the scenes, the actor might fairly claim to be part author with the late Mr. Mark Lemon of this entertaining and thoroughly wholesome little sketch. Mr. Toole's return has of necessity brought to a close Mr. Byron's series of appearances in his own popular comedies, which were commenced with a view to sustain the fortunes of the theatre during the enforced absence of the former actor.

The temporary indisposition which is technically known as "stage fright" has generally been supposed to be occasioned only by the first night of the footlights, and of the faces of the spectators in the stalls. It appears, however, that the mere anticipation of these disconcerting influences may paralyse the efforts of a dramatic aspirant. A Miss Coote, described as a pupil of Mr. John Ryder, had for some weeks been announced to appear on Saturday morning last at the ADELPHI in the character of Juliet (nothing less than the character of Juliet, by the way, satisfies as a rule the ambition of youthful debutantes); but at the last moment the performance was abandoned. The only reason given is that "the new Juliet, suffering from a most severe attack of stage fright, had positively refused to play."

Mr. Burnand's *Ourselves* was brought out at the VAUDEVILLE on Thursday, unfortunately too late for notice this week. It is a comedy in three acts, in which Mr. David James and Mr. Thorne sustain leading characters.

Mr. W. G. Wills has changed the title of his new domestic drama, *The Stepmother*, to that of *Forced from Home*. It is stated to be a play of merely domestic interest, dealing with the trials and temptations of a London work-girl. *Babylon* having at last been withdrawn at the DUKE'S Theatre, this play will take its place on Monday next. The new drama of French history by the same author will be produced, under the title of *Ninon*, at the ADELPHI Theatre on the 7th of February.

The pantomime of *The Forty Thieves* at SADLER'S WELLS will be performed this evening for the last time. On Monday Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) will reappear here in Mr. Tom Taylor's *Mary Warner*, which will be represented nightly for about a fortnight during the preparations for the revival of *Macbeth*, in which play Miss Bateman will also appear. Some new devices for giving a Walpurgis Night kind of effect to the scenes in which the witches appear are, we understand, to be attempted. The music attributed to Matthew Locke is to be retained, and sung by a full chorus.

The popularity of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera, *The Pirates of Penzance*, in New York, is said to be more than equal to that of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Preparations are stated to be making for representing it in all the principal cities of the United States.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—As usual, on the occasion of Mr. F. Burgess's benefit, which took place during the afternoon and evening of Tuesday last, in addition to the usual entertainment by sable-visaged personages, a host of theatrical stars lent their aid. For example, Miss Constance Laseby, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Marie de Grey, and M. Marius sang songs; Messrs. C. Warner and J. Fernandez recited ("The Level Crossing" given by the latter was very powerful); and Mr. Harry Paulton delivered a laughter-provoking "Lecture on Education," illustrated by diagrams. Then came an effective scene by Mr. George Conquest and other members of his company, from the drama of *Sentenced to Death*; but the chief attraction of all was an excerpt from Sheridan's *Critic*, by a host of celebrities—a good deal more farcical, we fancy, than Sheridan meant it to be, but all the more laughable on that account.



THE TURF.—The publication of the weights for many of the important Spring Handicaps has infused a life into Turf matters, though trainers at Newmarket and elsewhere are at their wits' end as to what to do with the horses under their care, owing to the state of the ground. The acceptances, which will be declared next week, will set the speculation ball rolling, at all events.—The death of Mr. Tom Parr removes a notability of old from the Turf. In his time he owned Fisherman, Rataplan, Saucebox, Weathergage, and various other good horses, as well as many second-rate ones with which, being well placed, he landed many good *cotechs*. Old Fisherman, who has made his mark in Australia, won no less than seventy races for him, among which were the Ascot Gold Cups in 1858 and 1859. Mr. Parr was for some time the confederate of the late Duke of Newcastle. He amassed a large fortune on the Turf, but got rid of the greater part of it by indulging an inordinate land-hunger.—The only market movements to be noted are the upward tendencies of Mask for the Guineas and Bend Or for the Derby.

COURSING.—Once more the frost has stopped this sport in all directions, but those who believe that white frosts are a prelude to a change of weather indulge in hope that the desired change will soon come, and afford a fair chance for the satisfactory training of the Waterloo animals. If, however, the hard weather continue much longer they will go into the slips but half prepared, and we shall have the Altcar contest as flukey a business as it was last year, though from different causes, and a rank outsider will be as likely to win as the hottest favourite. Since last week the only decided move in the market has been in favour of Mr. Wilkins's nomination, which will be represented by Decorator, of Newmarket renown. This gentleman, it may be remembered, was the lucky nominator of Coonassie in 1877, which famous little fawn was put up to auction the other day and bought in for 20s. It is hardly likely she will be seen at Altcar next month. Lord Haddington, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Reilly continue firm in the market. Mr. Hedley has been again appointed judge, and T. Wilkinson slipper, for the coming Waterloo.

AQUATICS.—Both at Oxford and Cambridge the ice has interfered with the practice of the Putney crews, but they have struggled on manfully. Brown of Hertford has been stroking the Dark Blues, and Mr. Darbyshire—a famous old Blue, and now attached to the Radclyffe Infirmary at Oxford—has been joining in Mentor service.—Good reports come from Newcastle both of Elliott and Boyd. It seems to be taken for granted that the winner of the race will attempt to win back the English Championship from Hanlan the Canadian.—Notwithstanding his former defeat by Charles Brightwell, Charles Smith again challenged his antagonist, and on Monday last gave him a good beating over the Thames Championship course. Both men belong to tradesmen's clubs; but it is not improbable that Smith will win high professional honours.

FOOTBALL.—The Old Etonians and the Wanderers played the second match in the third round of the Association Cup at the Oval on Saturday last. Fine weather, a large number of spectators, and fine play made the game one of the most enjoyable of the season, and additional interest was imparted to it from the fact that the Wanderers had won the Cup five times and the Old Etonians (the present holders) three. Only five minutes after the kick-off, the Etonians scored a goal, after which, to the end of the first half of the game, the play was evenly balanced, and no score made. Ends being changed, another goal was soon declared for the Etonians, and then a third. Before the finish, however, the Wanderers scored their only goal against three. It now seems not unlikely that the winners will continue to hold the Cup.—A splendidly contested Association match between Nottingham Forest and Sheffield has resulted in the defeat of the latter by three goals to two.—Gainsborough and Lincoln have played a draw.

ATHLETICS.—At Oxford Mr. B. R. Wise, of Queen's, has been elected President of the University Athletic Club, in place of Mr. Hills, resigned. As Cambridge does not seem inclined to agree to the elimination of the "hammer" and "weight" from the Inter-University sports, the O.U.A.C. is making arrangements to encourage field exercises.—The Long Distance Championship of England, between Brown ("Blower"), G. Hazael, and S. Day, will commence at the Agricultural Hall on the 16th of next month. Brown's admirers are ready to back him to beat Weston's record of 550 miles.—At the Lambeth Baths a six days' walking contest is going on between a large number of first-rate men, but the hours of walking are limited to between five and eleven each evening, which strikes us as a very sensible arrangement.

SKATING.—There have been some pretty fair professional and amateur contests at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, but previous "times" have not been beaten. The Fen "flyers" put in a strong appearance, and it was the old story of "Fish" Smart first, and the rest nowhere. The Amateur Championship of England (one mile and a-half) was won by Mr. F. Norman, of Willingham, who beat the well-known Mr. A. Tebbutt, of Bluntisham, in the final heat.

Readers fond of the rod and gun, and field sports generally, will find some admirable articles of a chatty character in the "East Anglian Handbook," published at the Office of the *Argus*, Norwich. The Handbook has now reached its majority, and becomes each year more and more replete with local and general information of an almanac character, while the literary portion of it makes it as cheap a shilling's-worth as can be desired. Among the contributors to this part are Mr. Hunter-Rodwell, Q.C. and M.P., Dr. J. E. Taylor, J. J. Manley, and several others who prefer a *nom de plume*.



M. OFFENBACH is writing another opera, *Le Chevalier de Boufflers*.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKIÖLD has passed through the Suez Canal in the *Vega*, and is expected at Naples on his way home.

TEMPLE BAR is likely to be placed on a site in Epping Forest, according to the latest suggestion of the City Corporation.

A NEW CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS LOUVRE will shortly be published, having been in preparation for the last ten years.

THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND is to be the title of the new Irish University, and the charter has now been completed.

SPA is anxious to open public gaming-tables, and the chief inhabitants are drawing up a petition to the Belgian Chambers for permission.

A CHINAMAN HAS CAPTIVATED AN AMERICAN BELLE in San Francisco, who has horrified fashionable circles by announcing her engagement to the fascinating Celestial.

ROMAN FOX-HUNTERS are in despair. Great preparations for a fine hunting season had been made, and now the frost has so hardened the Campagna as to put all sport out of the question; while, worse still, the hounds have been attacked by hydrophobia, and some of the best dogs have been shot.

SUCH MILD SPRING WEATHER has been enjoyed by the fortunate Americans this month, that in New York the grass is green and spring-like, and the birds are singing gaily in the trees of Central Park.

CREMATION is steadily increasing in favour in Northern Italy. Within the last four years fifty cases have taken place in Milan, and ten in the neighbouring town of Lodi, while three fresh cases have already been reported this month.

M. GAMBETTA'S FAVOURITE FOOD consists of new-laid eggs—at least, so says the *Paris Figaro*. Not common hens' eggs, however, but the eggs of the lapwing are his pet dainty; and as these birds are rare in France, M. Gambetta is stated to have rented a large furze-heath near Osnabruck, in Hanover, where these birds will be specially bred to supply his table.

A FINE OTTER was caught last week in the Thames, near Hampton Court, being the first killed in that neighbourhood for nearly ten years. The creature had been playing havoc with the fish in the Moulsey and Ditton reaches for some time past. He was a splendid specimen, measuring 47 inches from tip to tail, with a girth of 21 inches round the shoulders, and weighing 24 lbs.

PRESIDENT HAYES was recently arrested in the Washington Capitol by a zealous policeman. The President had sat down on one of the seats in the Rotunda reserved for ladies, and on being requested to move, paid no attention, so the official at once arrested him and took him to the guard-room, where the President's identity was soon established, much to his own amusement and the policeman's horror.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF *FREDERIC THE GREAT'S POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE* has appeared at Berlin, and contains some most interesting criticisms by the Prussian King on the state of Europe in 1744 when England, Saxony, and Hungary had coalesced against Prussia, and Frederic was apparently absorbed in the gaieties of the Berlin Carnival, his letters however now showing that the festivities were intended to mislead the Powers. The volume describes the efforts to win the Russian Court over to the Prussian cause, the rupture with England and the understanding with France, and the events of the campaign.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,900 deaths were registered against 1,730 during the previous seven days, an increase of 170, being 139 above the average, and at the rate of 27.1 per 1,000. There were 3 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 1), 30 from measles (a decrease of 10), 83 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 6), 13 from diphtheria (an increase of 3), 140 from whooping-cough (an increase of 26), 11 from different forms of fever (a decline of 6), and 14 from diarrhoea (an increase of 5). There were 2,644 births registered against 2,595 during the previous week, being 38 below the average. The mean temperature was 29.7 deg., and 9.7 deg. below the average. There were 6.7 hours of bright sunshine, the sun being 59.7 hours above the horizon.

ILLUMINATING THE BRITISH MUSEUM BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT does not entirely preserve the collection from all danger of fire, according to a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. Some time since, a red-hot morsel of carbon from a lamp fell on one of the tables, doing happily no more damage than burning a hole in a blotting pad. Precautionary measures against another accident were at once taken, yet a few days ago a similar piece of red-hot carbon fell on the Superintendent's table, and ignited some loose paper, showing what injury might be done to a valuable manuscript. Large glass or talc saucers have now been suspended below each lamp to intercept any falling carbon, and it is proposed to try the experiment of lighting the room from outside.

ITALIAN MOUNTAINEERS are very active just now, and the Roman section of the Alpine Club intends to establish a meteorological station at Guadagnolo, the highest peak of the Sabine Hills, 4,000 feet above the sea level, where the priest of the small hamlet near the summit will take the observations. The club have done great service to meteorology by establishing some fifty similar stations in the Peninsula. Recently the son and nephew of Signor Sella, the well-known Italian statesman, scaled the Gran Sasso, 9,500 feet high, the most lofty point in Southern Italy, and which has rarely been ascended in winter. The four guides soon lost heart, and refused to proceed, so that Signori Sella went on alone, and, though one of them slipped, and was only saved by the rope, they reached the summit successfully and descended in safety.

A CURIOUS HABIT OF ENGLISH LADIES AT THE THEATRE is noted by a French contemporary. The fair Englishwomen, so says the Gallic writer, generally wear a large gold cross at the throat, and this cross is hollow, and is filled with some "precious cordial," sherry, Madeira, or brandy. "Thus fitted, this religious symbol assumes an unexpected utilitarian aspect, and plays a serious rôle in the existence of the ladies of England. It helps them to satisfy their ingenious instincts of comfort, and allows them to take without scandal before everybody, at a ball or the theatre, one of those tonics which it is said the people of the North need to excite, awaken, and stimulate their nerves. This custom can be observed nightly at the Opera, where a charming young English lady is in the habit of pressing to her lips, at the most pathetic passages, an enormous gold cross."

THE PARIS SALON opens this year on May 1st, and closes on June 28th. As all paintings have to be sent in by March 20th, artists are hard at work and many of the paintings intended for exhibition have already been seen by the critics. Military episodes will be less numerous this year than usual, for amongst the chief war painters, M. Detaille will not exhibit at all, M. de Neuville is busy with his "Fight between the English and the Zulus," which is shortly to be sent to London, and M. Berne-Bellecour will only contribute one picture, "Departure of Cuivassiers from a Terminus." There will be two likenesses of M. Grévy—a portrait by M. Bonnat and a bust by M. Carrier-Belleuse—the portrait of the Prince of Wales by M. Bastien Lepage, which we mentioned some weeks ago in company with M. Gérôme's contributions—and a curious "Entombment of Christ," by M. Carolus-Duran, which has been in hand for two years past, and represents Mary Magdalene with long red hair and a bright rose-coloured mantle. One of the most striking pictures is expected to be that by M. Gill, the caricaturist—an episode from the notorious *Assommoir*, showing the wretched Coupeau grovelling on the floor dead drunk.

MASCULINE FASHIONS IN FRANCE are marked by far more individuality and variety than in England, where a monotonous sameness is to be seen in men's dress. A Frenchman, however, seems to appear exactly like his neighbour, and objects to the British primness of attire, preferring loose and larger coats, wider collars and cuffs, and broader cravats. The farther south you go in France the larger and looser become the costume and the bow of the cravat. The correct get-up of a fashionable French dandy of to-day, the *Parisian* tells us, consists of a long black overcoat reaching to the ankle, and ornamented with fur collar and cuffs, Cheviot tweed trousers, high waistcoat showing one black pearl stud in the shirt, the collar upright and meeting in front, yellow gaiters over very pointed shoes, chamois gloves stitched with blue, woollen gauntlets, low-crowned silk hat with a narrow brim, and a cane with a steel or silver knob. Men who respect themselves do not wear flowers in their button-hole. For evening dress the bow of the cravat should be horizontal, the trousers wide at the bottom, patent English leather shoes should be worn, very open at the instep, and ornamented with a bow or silver buckle, and the wearer should endeavour occasionally to show his dark silk socks—maroon, blue, brown, or black, with tiny coloured spots.



A COLLIERY EXPLOSION—THE RUSH TO THE PIT'S MOUTH



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The news this week is unimportant. Sawas Pasha has replied to Sir Henry Layard's note of protest in the Ahmed Tewfik affair, and justifies the Porte's conduct throughout. Our Ambassador is supported in the controversy by the German, Austrian, Italian, and Persian representatives, but his action has excited the most violent ill-feeling among the Turks themselves, and England is now most warmly attacked by the Turkish journals. The Palace organs are, of course, the most violent, and have started a new subject for recrimination, namely, that we have obtained Cyprus without having fulfilled our share of the bargain. "We understood that England would help us in the execution of internal reforms, and in procuring the necessary means, that she would regulate the public debt, and be the guardian Power whose sceptre and trident would be spread like a buckler over the Empire." These fair expectations, they now cry, have turned out to be as unreal as the colours of a prism, so let England give us back Cyprus, and remedy her mistake. In the mean time the Sultan has rewarded the Minister of Police, Hafiz Pasha, who showed such fanatical energy in arresting Dr. Koeller and Ahmed Tewfik, by decorating him with the Medjidie and appointing him one of his *aides-de-camp*, instead, as Sir Henry Layard requested, of dismissing him from the service.

In the provinces all is quiet, and even controversy with Montenegro shows signs of a peaceful conclusion, as the Montenegrins have withdrawn their troops, and have apparently abandoned the idea of obtaining the ceded district by force. In EASTERN ROMANIA there is great distress amongst the returned Mahomedan refugees, who, numbering some 80,000, are perishing with cold, hunger, and disease. Consul Mitchell, in writing to *The Times*, urgently endorses the Bulgarian Exarch's appeal for funds to aid the Refugee Committee in their work, and towards which subscriptions would be received by the Imperial Ottoman Bank in London. In SERVIA Prince Milan is going to St. Petersburg, to take part in the festivities in honour of the Czar's jubilee of his accession to the throne. So, indeed, is Prince Alexander of BULGARIA, who is to be represented by a Regency in his absence, and who, it is said, is only too glad of an excuse for a holiday away from his unruly subjects. Indeed, he is reported to have been several times on the point of resigning, had not the Czar induced him to remain. According to the Bulgarian journals, however, he has succeeded in earning the gratitude of his Mahomedan subjects, who have warmly thanked him for various favours accorded to them, and above all for the postponement of the conscription levy—their great bugbear being military service under a Christian Government.

FRANCE.—Both Houses have been busy this week, but the sittings have been more remarkable for the flow of oratory than for the business which has been done. In the Senate M. Ferry's Bill, reorganising the superior Council of Public Instruction and the Academical Councils, has been exhaustively discussed, the Duc de Broglie, M. Wallon, and M. de Chesnelong warmly opposing a measure which would render the virtual controllers of education in France elective, entirely confine them to University men, and thus completely shut out the Bishops. This would, of course, annihilate all clerical influence. M. Barthelémy St. Hilaire, and of course M. Ferry, warmly advocated the measure, and the debate terminated on Tuesday with a speech from M. Laboulaye. In the Lower House the Government Bill for enlarging the right of public meeting has been warmly attacked by M. Louis Blanc as not going far enough. England, as usual, was held up as an example, to prove that there would be no danger in according absolute freedom of assembly. M. Louis Blanc always forgets that Frenchmen are far more excitable and more easily moved to disturbance than we comparatively phlegmatic Britishers. The great interest, however, lies in M. Cazot's Bill for the Reform of the Magistracy, which, although providing for the abolition of numerous superfluous tribunals, and for the retirement of some five hundred magistrates, and the appointment of others who may be more friendly towards the Republican cause, is not considered sufficiently sweeping by the Radicals, who want the power of summarily dismissing any magistrate who shows the slightest want of affection for the Republic—in fact, to reduce the magistrates to mere political placemen. There is little likelihood of the Senate passing the Bill as it stands, and there would be far less of the Senators agreeing to such a tremendous change in the whole system as the advanced section of the Lower House would like to see effected. As for M. Louis Blanc's Amnesty Bill, this was thrown out on Monday. The Ministers definitively pronounced against it, M. Tirard declaring that it would put a premium on insurrection.

As may be imagined, the intention of the Germans to increase their army has created much comment, and the alarmists are in full force once more for a time.

M. de Freycinet held his first reception of the year on Saturday. It was brilliantly attended, the chief feature being the presence of some 150 officers in full uniform—a somewhat unusual circumstance in the case of a Civil Minister. M. de Freycinet, however, was the Minister of War during the period of National Defence, and is highly popular in the army. Much food for gossip has been afforded by the suicide of M. Fournier, who for forty years has been a prominent officer in the War Department, and who, it is thought, has been speculating with State funds; and by a duel young M. Waddington, the son of the ex-Minister, has fought with the editor of a provincial newspaper, the latter being slightly wounded in the breast. There is much speculation as to what the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, who is to be received at the Académie on February 19, will say during his eulogy upon Bishop Dupanloup, to whose chair he has succeeded, as it will be difficult to estimate the value of the impetuous prelate's career without offending either, or indeed both, Church and State. Queen Isabella seems to be devoting herself to charity in her declining years, and a grand *fête* under her patronage was announced for yesterday at the Continental Hotel. The accounts of the Murcia *Fête* have been published. The expenses amounted to 9,200*l.*, and the receipts to 12,000*l.*, showing a profit of 2,400*l.*—a somewhat small percentage on the enormous expenditure. The sale of the little paper, however, *Paris-Murcie*, has realised 12,000*l.*, while the lottery is expected to augment the fund by 36,000*l.* The total amount will be divided between the sufferers from the Murcian floods and the poor of Paris. In theatrical circles there has been little stirring, only one novelty having been produced, a three-act drama by M. Delahaye at the Troisième Théâtre Français, entitled *Les Dettes du Cœur*. English playgoers will be surprised to hear that after all M. Perrin, the manager of the Théâtre Français, has declined permission to M. Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt to perform in England next summer. Will the fair Sarah again resign? *Che sara, sara.*

GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck has launched another bomb into the European camp by a new Bill which has been submitted to the Federal Council, adding eleven more infantry regiments and thirty-two field batteries to the army. The Bill is to take effect on April 1, 1881, at the close of the seven years' *réserve* which was voted in 1873, and is calculated to augment the strength of the German army on its peace footing by 26,000 men (401,659 to 427,270), and 160 guns, and on its war footing by 85,000 men and 360 guns. Germany will then be able to count upon a force of 2,600,000 men.

The increased number of recruits needed will be from 8,000 to 9,000. The reason given for this step is that Germany is placed between two Powers whose peace and war effective is in each case larger than her own, while it might possibly happen that these two Powers might join hands, and, numerically speaking, completely swamp the German legions. At present France has 654 and Russia 768 battalions in the first line, while Germany has only 470, and a like disproportion exists in the artillery. By the new arrangement Germany will have 503 battalions and 340 batteries in times of peace. One of the most singular features of the whole matter is the perfect frankness of the Government in announcing its apprehension of these two countries, neither Austria nor any other country being in the least taken into consideration. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* also gives utterance to the general antagonism against Russia. It declares that the whole German nation is almost unanimous in its approval of Prince Bismarck's determination to resist the principles of Slavism as soon as it shows itself becoming an active and aggressive Power. "As yet," it continues, "Germany still preserves friendly relations with official Russia, but Europe can only be thoroughly quieted by exertions in the place whence the causes of her agitation have proceeded." All this shows which way the wind is blowing, and it is no less significant that the same journal declares that the "Triple Alliance" has now been officially dissolved, while it is evident that although the reports of Russian military concentration in her western confines were greatly exaggerated, the mere fact of her now setting to work to complete the immense military organisation of 1874 has placed Germany upon her guard. Still, considerable surprise has been manifested at the announcement of the measure, and it is said that the Liberals have determined to contest the extra expenditure of 850,000*l.* annually, which the augmentation will entail. Indeed, the Progressists are already intending to hold mass meetings to protest against the measure, and Prince Bismarck may expect another tough Parliamentary campaign this season. Prince Bismarck is announced to be better, and has been to Berlin, where he has had several interviews with the Crown Prince, who has postponed his return to Italy, doubtless on account of the Army Bill, in which, as President of the High Committee for the Defence of the Country, he naturally takes a special interest.

In AUSTRIA it is encouraging, amid all these war preparations, to hear Baron Haymerle, the Foreign Minister, make a comparatively optimistic speech upon European affairs, declaring that he saw no reason why peace should be disturbed, although there certainly were two black points on the horizon—namely, France in the West and the irrepressible Eastern Question.

ITALY.—The Senate having refused to pass the Bill for the abolition of the Grist Tax, Signor Cairoli prorogued the Parliament, and a Royal decree subsequently closed the session, declaring that the abolition of the tax is necessary for the pacification of the country, and that the Ministers are responsible under the Constitution for the step they propose. A new session will probably begin in about a fortnight, when a large number of Senators will be created, so that a majority for the Bill may be secured. Signor Cairoli, however, will also announce that financial measures will be introduced to fully counterbalance the deficit caused by the abolition of the tax.

The Pope has received the (R.C.) Bishop of Adelaide, Mgr. Christopher Reynolds, who presented four young Australians who have come to Rome to go through their theological course in the College of the Propaganda Fide. The Bishop brought many valuable articles of Australian workmanship as offerings to His Holiness. General Garibaldi, having been successful in his recent divorce suit, has now married Donna Francesca, and has acknowledged her two children, Manlio and Clelia. A well-known Englishman, Dr. Gerrard Small, a very old Roman resident, was attacked and robbed last week in his house in the Via Farini by two ruffians, who it appears were instigated to the outrage by a discharged servant. The police, however, with unusual promptitude have brought the offenders to justice.

UNITED STATES.—The dual Government in Maine continues. The Republicans sit in the Senate House, carefully guarded by the military and artillery, whilst the Fusionist Governor has issued a proclamation denouncing the Republicans as Revolutionists, and denying that the Fusionists ever intended to use force. In the mean time the Central Government makes no sign, and Congress contents itself with quietly discussing the ordinary affairs of the country, the only measures of importance being the adoption of a resolution which declares that it is an infringement of the Constitutional prerogative of the House for the Executive to negotiate commercial treaties.

Mr. Parnell continues his tour, and speaking at Buffalo denounced both the Duchess of Marlborough's Relief Fund and the Dublin Mansion House Relief Organisation, because he declared no relief would be afforded by them to sufferers who were in arrears with their rent.

From PERU we have further details of the revolution of the 22nd ult., by which President Prado was deposed and Pierola chosen Dictator. It appears that on the 21st General La Cotera ordered Colonel Arguedas, commanding a National Guard regiment from Inca, and a sworn partisan of Pierola, to send some of his men to guard the Palace. Colonel Arguedas refused, as he considered this order to be only an excuse to weaken his force; and accordingly La Cotera, with a strong force of regular and light artillery, marched upon Arguedas' barracks and bombarded them, but was ultimately repulsed, and returned to the Palace. Pierola then himself marched into the Plaza upon the Palace, at the head of his own battalion, and opened fire, which was returned by the soldiers from the roof of the palace and the Cathedral. He was unable, however, to effect an entrance, and accordingly, being joined by Colonel Arguedas and his troops, marched to Callao, where he was received with open arms. When this peaceful victory was known in Lima the majority of La Cotera's troops refused to fight any further, and General La Cotera and his colleagues resigning their position as Ministers, Pierola took possession of the Government House, and was unanimously hailed Dictator by the people. Sixty men were killed and 200 wounded during the fighting.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SPAIN Otero, who recently attempted to assassinate the King, has been examined by the physicians, who state that he is of unsound mind, and gives no explanation of his attempt upon the King's life. In SWITZERLAND the weather, as in the rest of Europe, is very severe this winter, and for the fourth time this century, and the twenty-fourth time since 1233 the Lake of Zurich is entirely frozen over. The lakes of Morat, Neuchâtel, and Bienne are also again frozen, and the Arve from above Carouge to its junction with the Rhône below Geneva, is covered with thick ice. In GREECE the Ministry has resigned, owing to the defeat on a financial question. In CYPRUS the returns show that the acreage of land under cultivation vastly exceeds that of former years. There has been an abundant rainfall, and the crops are in excellent condition. The cattle plague at present is confined to Larnaka. From RUSSIA we hear that the report of the Russian defeat at Tchikislar arose through a raid having been made on some transports on the 7th instant between Tchikislar and Chatte, which resulted in the capture by the Tekke Turkomans of a portion of the convoy. In CENTRAL AMERICA the first blast for the greatest cut in the Panama Canal was exploded on the 10th inst. In AFRICA, according to the Portuguese *Commercio de Lisboa*, which receives information from the Lisbon Geographical Society, Mr. H. M. Stanley has recently established the first Belgian trading station on the right bank of the Congo, near the last fall of Gallala, the right to which is claimed both by England and Portugal.



THE QUEEN will come to London next week to open Parliament on Thursday. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice will leave Osborne on Wednesday for Buckingham Palace, and will return on Friday to the Isle of Wight, where they will remain until a fortnight later, and will then go to Windsor. Meanwhile the Queen and Princess continue at Osborne, Her Majesty taking her usual outdoor exercise, notwithstanding the extreme cold, while the Princess Beatrice skates daily. On Saturday the Queen and the Princess called upon Viscountess Gort, and Her Majesty gave audience to Mr. Cross, who in the evening joined the Royal party at dinner, Sir H. Ponsonby also being invited. Divine Service was performed before the Queen and Princess on Sunday morning, the Rev. Canon Prothero officiating, and on Monday Lieut.-Col. the Hon. George Villiers was received by Her Majesty, and described his successful search for the uniform of the Prince Imperial. On Tuesday Her Majesty paid a visit to Mrs. Prothero at Whippingham Rectory.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to Sandringham at the end of last week, and on Sunday with their daughters attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. On Monday the Princess Frederica of Hanover and several other guests arrived on a visit, and to-day (Saturday) the Sandringham party will disperse, the Prince and Princess and their daughters coming up to town for the season. According to the *North German Gazette*, the Prince of Wales will go to St. Petersburg on March 2nd, to congratulate the Czar on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession.

The Princess Louise duly left England for Canada last week in the *Sarmatian*. Most of the members of the Royal Family assembled at Euston Station to wish her good bye, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh accompanied their sister to Liverpool, the Prince returning to town the same night, while the Duke escorted the *Sarmatian* some distance in the despatch boat, the *Lively*, which on going back to Liverpool ran into a vessel, the *Annot Lyle*, without doing much damage. The Duke stayed two days on board the *Lively*, when he inspected the men of the Mersey guard-ship *Resistance* and those of the Royal Naval Reserve on board the *Eagle*, lunched with the Mayor, and dined with the officers of the *Resistance*, whom he subsequently entertained on board the *Lively*. Late on Saturday night the Duke left for London, and went straight through to Paris to join the Duchess, who had arrived from Cannes on the previous day. The Duke returns shortly, and will distribute the Queen's prizes to the Metropolitan Drawing Classes on February 6th at the Guildhall.—The Duke of Connaught will preside at the anniversary dinner of the German Hospital, Dalston.

The Empress of Russia leaves Cannes to-day (Saturday) for St. Petersburg, and the most elaborate preparations have been made for the journey, to prevent Her Majesty from breathing the outside air. She will be carried to the train in an enclosed chair, and the officials are endeavouring to lay down rails to the Villa des Dunes itself, so that the Empress may enter the carriage from her own door. The train will be carefully warmed, and will proceed very slowly to St. Petersburg, stopping a day at Wirballen for the Empress to rest. According to a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, there is little real improvement in the Empress's health, and the doctors have consented to her return to Russia solely not to thwart her wishes. The Duchess will join her mother at Paris.—The ex-Empress Eugénie will be accompanied to Zululand by Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood.—The Empress of Austria will arrive in England next Tuesday on her way to Summerhill, County Meath, where she will stay for several weeks' hunting. She will go straight from Dover to Holyhead, spend the night there, and cross to Ireland on Wednesday. The Empress's hunting stud will precede her to Summerhill.—The Duchess of Cambridge is a great-grandmother, the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz having given birth to a daughter.—The Imperial Prince of Germany has gone to Pegli to rejoin his wife and daughters.



THE HOOK MEMORIAL CHURCH at Leeds was consecrated on Thursday by the Bishop of the Diocese, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York taking part in the ceremony. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Primate, and that in the evening by the Bishop of Ely, and between the services a public luncheon was given in the Town Hall, under the presidency of the Vicar of Leeds, at which speeches were made by the Primate, the Bishops of Ely, Ripon, and British Columbia, the Primus of Scotland, and Lord Hatherley. Yesterday (Friday) the Rev. Cecil Hook was formally instituted as Vicar, and Canon Barry preached; to-day a special sermon to the working-classes was to be preached by the Archbishop of York, and every day next week there are to be special services at which the pulpit will be occupied by various well-known ecclesiastical dignitaries.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER will complete the tenth year of his Episcopate in March next, and it is intended to celebrate the event by presenting him with a testimonial. Last week, at a meeting presided over by the Mayor, it was decided to limit the subscriptions to one guinea, and various suggestions were made as to the form which the testimonial should assume, the decision being ultimately left to a committee, which includes the Mayors of Manchester and Salford, and several members of Parliament.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.—In celebration of this anniversary, a special musical service was held on Monday under the dome of St. Paul's. The choir numbered 325 voices, and the orchestra fifty performers, Dr. Stainer being as usual the conductor.

ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH, Snow Hill, Holborn Viaduct, the interior of which has been completely restored to what is believed to have been its original condition, at a cost of 16,000*l.*, was re-opened on Sunday morning last, when the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs, and other civic officials, attended in full State. There was an immense congregation, and large numbers of persons were unable to obtain admission. The preacher in the forenoon was the Rev. Dr. Irons, and in the evening the Rev. J. Jackson, rector.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY AT SHEFFIELD.—The collections in aid of the Hospital Sunday Fund at Sheffield this year amount to 1,909*l.*, of which 1,141*l.* was contributed by Church of England congregations. Last year the total was 1,968*l.*

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.—At Brighton on Monday, at a meeting of the Working Men's Branch of the Church Association, Mr. L. Coppard, parish churchwarden, who took the chair, read the following threatening letter which he had that day received:—"If you preside at a lecture at the Town Hall on Monday evening, you will not reach home alive. Take warning, you old Punitan. You are a disgrace to the Church of England. A churchwarden ought to

know better than to encourage a parcel of lying impostors such as these Protestant lecturers are. Take warning; you are a marked man." Beneath the signature were cross-bones, surmounted by a crown, inscribed "L. C., obit Jan. 26, 1880," with a death's head on each side.

DECENT CHRISTIAN BURIAL.—At Stafford on Saturday a curious question of burial law came before Mr. Justice Bowen, a young woman being charged with having neglected to provide decent Christian burial for her child, and her mother with aiding and abetting her in the offence. The infant, which had only lived two days, was interred in a garden without any ceremonial, and the defence was that there was no case, inasmuch as some Christian sects objected to ceremony, and instances of similar interments being allowed were upon record. The judge offered to reserve the point of law, but on its being shown that it was the grandmother who actually buried the child, he pointed out that the indictment was defective, and the jury put an end to the case by returning a verdict of not guilty.

A NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.—It is rumoured that the English converts to the Church of Rome contemplate raising subscriptions to the amount of 250,000*l.* for the purpose of erecting, on the banks of the Thames, a Metropolitan Roman Catholic Cathedral which shall rival St. Paul's.

THE OUTRAGE IN A CHURCH.—The Pope has sent from Rome a beautifully wrought pyx to the church of St. Peter's, Hulton Garden, as an act of public reparation for the sacrilege recently committed there. Three medical men who have examined the prisoner, Alexander Schossa, report that in their opinion he is not insane.

THE CLAIMANT AND THE BIBLE.—At a public meeting on Monday in Glasgow, a letter from the Home Secretary was read, stating that the Claimant's application to be allowed a Roman Catholic Bible had been before the Roman Catholic chaplain, whose necessary sanction had not yet been received. Mr. Cross was in communication with the Roman Catholic Bishop of the district upon this subject. Resolutions were passed protesting against the unconstitutional rules which thus prohibited a prisoner from reading the Bible.



MR. CARL ROSA'S COMPANY.—That *The Taming of the Shrew* is a genuine artistic success, and that it is destined to become a staple piece in the repertory of our "Opera in English," may now be taken for granted. Its continuous melody—unlike the so-called "melodrama" of Richard Wagner and his disciples, a "melodrama" composed, for the greater part, of "shreds and patches"—has but to impress itself upon the general ear, only too eager for that rhythmically balanced tune which some of our actual teachers are disposed to consign to the limbo of rejected frivolity, in order to obtain the wide popularity which is its fair desert. The powerfully dramatic treatment of the story so well known among us as that of Katharine (why not the legitimately Shakespearean "Katharina?") and Petruchio, indicating a gift which makes the early loss of Herman Goetz even more to be regretted than that other gift that enabled him to write the orchestral symphony in F, would speedily do the rest. The opera, indeed, is in its way a masterpiece, and as such destined to long endurance. Let us hope that England ("unmusical," notwithstanding its wealth of aboriginal melody) may do for Goetz what it has done for Bizet, and make of *The Taming of the Shrew* a fireside talk as it has made of *Carmen*. To what was said last week about the performance, it will suffice to add that—thanks in a great measure to Signor Randegger—it improves on each occasion. A better Katharine than Miss Minnie Hauk it would be difficult to find, and amid all its impetuous vagaries, enough of the true woman's nature is revealed to make any careful observer envious of the Petruchio (so ably impersonated by Mr. Walter Bolton), whose subduer—or, in strict parlance, "tames"—her. That we have had *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* may be taken for granted, and that these "good old-fashioned English operas" have drawn crowded and enthusiastic audiences, who applaud everything and "encore" all they may "encore" with propriety, will be just as easily understood. If the maxim of Samuel Johnson—"Whatever pleases many must have merit"—be accepted, the unabated popularity of these emanations from the genius of Michael Balfe and Vincent Wallace, twin children of "Erin," is easily accounted for. Sincers are uselessly expended on works that have won the sympathy of so large a majority, which have held it for forty years and more, and are likely to hold it for forty years to come. Whatever new phenomena may arise in the operatic horizon (some of them, by the way, like the phantoms that delirium paints on darkness), such genial, as well as genuine things, as these are (we do not speak of the *Traviata* of Messrs. Bunn and Fitzball, which are what Wagner would call "doubtful," but simply of the music,) are sure to be welcomed with unconcealed delight, as was wont to be the case in the time of old Pantomime—*real* Pantomime—after the scene of the "Transformation," when the metamorphosed Clown exclaimed, "Here we are again! How d'ye do to-morrow?" That the two Bohemian operas are thoroughly well represented by Mr. Rosa's company it is hardly requisite to say. We have an Arline and a Maritana in Miss Georgina Burns, a Thaddeus and Don Cesar de Buzan in Mr. Maas, with whom the composers would have been more than satisfied. *The Lily of Killarney* of Sir Julius Benedict, too—an Irish opera *pur sang*, though set to music by a German composer who knew how to catch the spirit of the Celtic melody, followed, as a matter of course, the two operas already named, of which, in the estimation of the "many headed" (the discerning few recognising its superior merit as a work of art), it is the only admitted rival. The cast was on the whole excellent, and the performance under Signor Randegger effective in proportion. Miss Gaydon is a prepossessing Eily—a "Colleen Bawn" of the legitimate type; the part of Hardress Cregan is well suited to Mr. F. C. Packard, Mr. Leslie Crotty, if not Santley *redivivus*, makes highly favourable impression as Danny Mann; Mr. Snazelle is a "comfortable" Father Tom, Miss Giulia (why not Julia?) Watwick a graceful Anne Chute, and Mr. Charles Lyall, for quiet humour and thorough comprehension of the dramatic significance of the character, is the best Myles-na-Coppaleen we remember. The first performance of *Lohengrin*, announced for Thursday evening, was, for reasons unexplained, deferred to a future occasion. The curiosity is naturally felt as to how the mythic "Knight of the Swan" may impress our public in an English version. That it may prove as acceptable generally as was *The Flying Dutchman* must be desired by every well-wisher to Mr. Carl Rosa's enterprise.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW.—The first Recital of this extraordinary pianist came off on Wednesday afternoon, attracting a large audience to St. James's Hall. There was nothing new in the programme. Herr von Bülow first gave the D minor *suite* of J. S. Bach, which he had already introduced at the Saturday Popular Concert—a piece that has been a favourite with our own pianists

from Sterndale Bennett, forty years ago, to Arabella Goddard, &c., yet which some erudite critics appear to imagine was quite a novelty to "unmusical" England (it may possibly have been a novelty to them). Herr von Bülow also gave ("by request") the E flat sonata from Beethoven's "Op. 31," his peculiar reading of which called forth some memorable comments from Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, with which every one who thinks Beethoven should be Beethoven, and not Bülow, Rubinstein, Liszt, or any of the family of the "Hittites," must agree, as Dr. Hanslick, a famous critic (so styled by an eminent Teutonic pen) must agree. The eight *Capricci ed Intermezzi* (a difference without a distinction) of Johannes Brahms, with selections from Chopin, Liszt, and Rubinstein—all played in perfection—completed the programme, which was loudly applauded throughout.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—"Daybreak," by C. Vincent, is not a very taking setting of Longfellow's words, but was admirably sung by Miss Mary Davies. Miss Ambler, who is we believe a new comer to these concerts, promises well, she was encored in Sullivan's "Little Maid of Arcadie." The second part of the performance consisted entirely of Old English ballads.

WAIFS.—Mlle. D'Angeri, not many years since a favourite *prima donna* in the late Mr. Gye's company, has recently made her debut at Madrid as Valentine in the *Huguenots*.—A pamphlet descriptive of the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz has been published at Florence. What next and next?—A new edition of Herr Bitter's *Johann Sebastian Bach* is announced at Berlin. It is strange to see a Minister of Finance occupying his leisure with such studies.—Another quartet by Haydn (in E flat), the forty-fourth introduced at the Popular Concerts, was played on Monday night, by Madame Neruda, Herr Ries, M. Zerbin, and Signor Piatti, with the same success that has attended every one of its precursors. Mr. Arthur Chappell is doing real service to art by his frequent reference to the comparatively unknown works of a master whose fertility of invention was as prodigious as his science was consummate.



A ROMANTIC CASE.—The young gentleman who on the 12th inst. was sent to Holloway Prison for contempt of Court in running off with and marrying a ward in Chancery, has been released by Vice-Chancellor Malins, on condition of his friends paying the costs of the action. His "general good character and strict business habits" were urged in his behalf, and the Vice-Chancellor remarked that though he deserved a more severe punishment than he had undergone, the Court could not annul the marriage, and he did not see any advantage to arise to him or his wife by continuing the imprisonment. The young lady is heiress to a fortune of 500*l.* a year, and let us hope that, in spite of the interruption of their honeymoon, she and her husband may "live happily ever after."

A POLICE BLUNDER.—No one can help sympathising with Mr. Charles Curtis Capon, who one night last week was so roughly handled by the police and locked up as a pickpocket. He and a friend had been to the Court Theatre, and on leaving they became separated, when Mr. Capon was almost immediately pounced upon by a detective, who being in plain clothes was naturally enough himself mistaken for a thief. A struggle ensued, during which Mr. Capon was actually robbed of his watch and opera-glasses, after which he was marched off to the station, where bail was refused, though offered by his brother, Dr. Capon, who happens to be a police-surgeon. The case came next day before Mr. D'Eyncourt, matters were cleared up, and Mr. Capon was told that "he left the Court without a stain on his character," and since then the Scotland Yard authorities have expressed their regret at the conduct of the officers concerned. Let us hope that they will take the lesson to heart, and in future be less reckless in the performance of their duties. Detectives would, of course, be next to useless if they appeared in uniform, but would it not be well to make them carry some distinguishing badge of authority for production on demand?

FAIR AND UNFAIR FIGHTING.—Last week, at the Lancashire Assizes, Lord Justice Brett, in sentencing a man to two months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of another man with whom he had been fighting, said he could remember the time when in no village in England would a man fight unfairly, for if he did every one would scout him; but now Englishmen fought like cowards. Although fighting was contrary to the law, he had made up his mind that if a man fought fairly he would not punish him should an accident result from the fight; but in this case the prisoner had struck his antagonist in the stomach, and had also kicked him when he was down. Some people may possibly think that it is the duty of a judge to impose the penalty of the law upon all offences, even "fair" fighting, but all will doubtless applaud the severe sentence of twenty years' penal servitude subsequently passed by Lord Justice Brett on two ruffianly "corner men," who were convicted of kicking several unoffending persons in the streets.

DR. MILLAR, whose ambition to represent Sheffield in the House of Commons was never realised, appears to have an unconquerable *penchant* for litigation. His latest effort was in the form of an application to the Hammersmith Police Court for summonses against his landlord and his agent for alleged trespass and defamation of character, which, however, the magistrate declined to grant, telling him that the subject of his complaint was a matter for the County Court.

A WEALTHY BEGGAR.—An old woman, apprehended the other day at Leeds for begging, was found to be in possession of 106*l.* in money, besides a large bundle of miscellaneous food. She is eighty years of age, and though she appears to have been imposing on the charitable for at least fifteen years, the magistrate discharged her on condition that she should place her hoard in safe keeping.

CRIMES OF VIOLENCE AND CRUELTY.—The Harpurhey murder still remains a mystery, although some suspicion seems to be entertained against a man named Heald, who has been brought back from Plymouth by the police and remanded until Tuesday next on a charge of perjury in giving a false name to an emigration agent, to which he has pleaded guilty. On Wednesday he assured the magistrate that he could prove his innocence of the murder, but Sir J. Mantell declined to hear anything in refutation of a charge which had not been preferred against him. Some damaging statements which were made by a woman at Plymouth, at whose house Heald and his companion Laycock lodged, have been positively denied by the latter, and Heald's wife has stated that her husband did not desert her, or leave Harpurhey secretly, but walked to Plymouth only to save the fare, it being arranged that she should follow him by rail.—James Wells, *alias* Phillips, the man who last week accused himself of the murder of Mrs. Samuels in Burton Crescent in July last, when brought up at Bow Street on Saturday last declared that there was no truth in his confession, which he only made in order to bring under notice the ill-treatment to which he had been subjected in prison. He alleged that while ill he had been kept in a dark cell, and on half rations, that poison was put in his food, and that one night a gaoler came to him with a pillow, intending to smother him. Mr. Poland, who was

present on behalf of the Treasury, said that the suspicion that the prisoner was insane was strengthened by the fact that during his confinement he had attempted to commit suicide. Mr. Flowers, however, thought that his statement ought to be made the subject of serious inquiry, and for that purpose remanded him for a week.—The coroner's inquest on the body of Mr. Snowball, farmer, of Belmont, Durham, has resulted in an open verdict. He was found murdered in a loft over an outhouse on his farm, and suspicion has fallen upon his housekeeper, a young woman named Barron, who has been committed for trial, though the only evidence against her was some stains of blood upon her clothes, which she accounts for by saying that while she milked the cows in the byre, blood fell upon her from the chinks in the flooring above.—At Exeter Assizes a man named West was sentenced by Mr. Baron Pollock to eight years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of his wife, whom he appears to have shot with a rifle whilst under the influence of drink. The indictment was for murder, but it was urged in defence that he inherited a tendency to drunkenness from his father and grandfather, and the jury took the more merciful view of the case.—A boy in the employ of a baker at Notting Hill has been sentenced to a month's hard labour for burning a cat in an oven.—A similar act of cruelty is alleged against Godfrey von Kopf, the *chef* of the Scientific Club, Saville Row, for whose apprehension a warrant has been issued. The cat had offended him by stealing a piece of fish, and he is said to have deliberately heated some water in a saucepan and poured it over her and her kittens as they lay together in a box.—A violent scene took place on Tuesday in the Police Court at Leeds, where a man was summoned for assaulting his wife. The magistrates decided to grant an order for judicial separation, whereupon the defendant leaped from the dock and struck his wife. He was immediately seized by the police, six of whom found it as much as they could do to handcuff and bind him, so violent were his struggles. He was then replaced in the dock and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for the outrage in Court.—On Monday a man named Wingfield, who appears to have had some reason to be jealous of his wife, made such a violent attack upon her with a knife that her life is despaired of. He was to have appeared that very day in answer to a summons for using threats to her. The assault was committed in the street, in the presence of several persons, only one of whom had the courage to interfere.

OVER THE THRESHOLD

OVER the threshold with dancing feet,
Spring in the morning air wondrously sweet,
Fly o'er the dew drops like diamond rain,
Flowers that curtsy and spring up again.
Sing, sing as you go along,
Life is sweet to the young and strong;
Out of the shadow and into the light,
Past and gone is the mournful night,
Nought behind you would fain forget;
Sing, dear heart, till the June sun set.

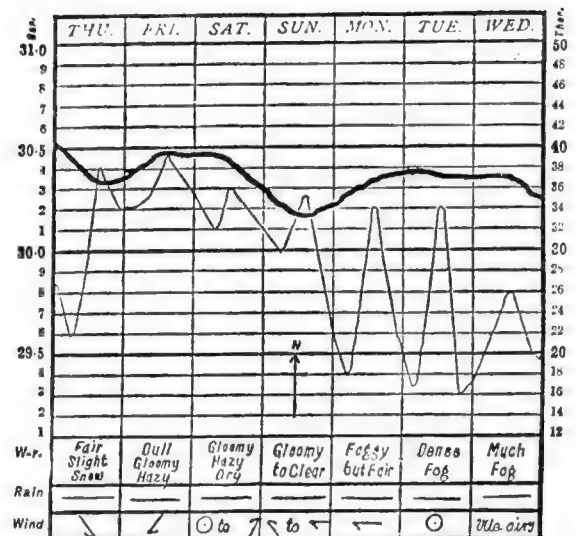
Over the threshold at hot noontide,
Pass, in thy snowy veil folded, fair bride,
Rich with the wonderful gift of a love,
Tender and true as the heavens above;
Sing, sing as ye go your way,
Songs are meet for a marriage day;
Out of the shadow and into the light,
Life is waiting you, new and bright,
Evening shadows come by and by—
Sing, dear heart, while the sun is high.

Over the threshold, with footsteps slow,
Bearing the quiet Dead, sadly they go.
Under the golden leaves falling like rain
Over the yellow grass fading again;
Sing, sing as ye go your way,
Rest is sweet at the close of day.
Out of the shadow and into the light
Bear her forth in her shroud of white,—
Life has pangs we would fain forget;
Sleep, dear heart, for the sun has set.

LOUISA F. STORY

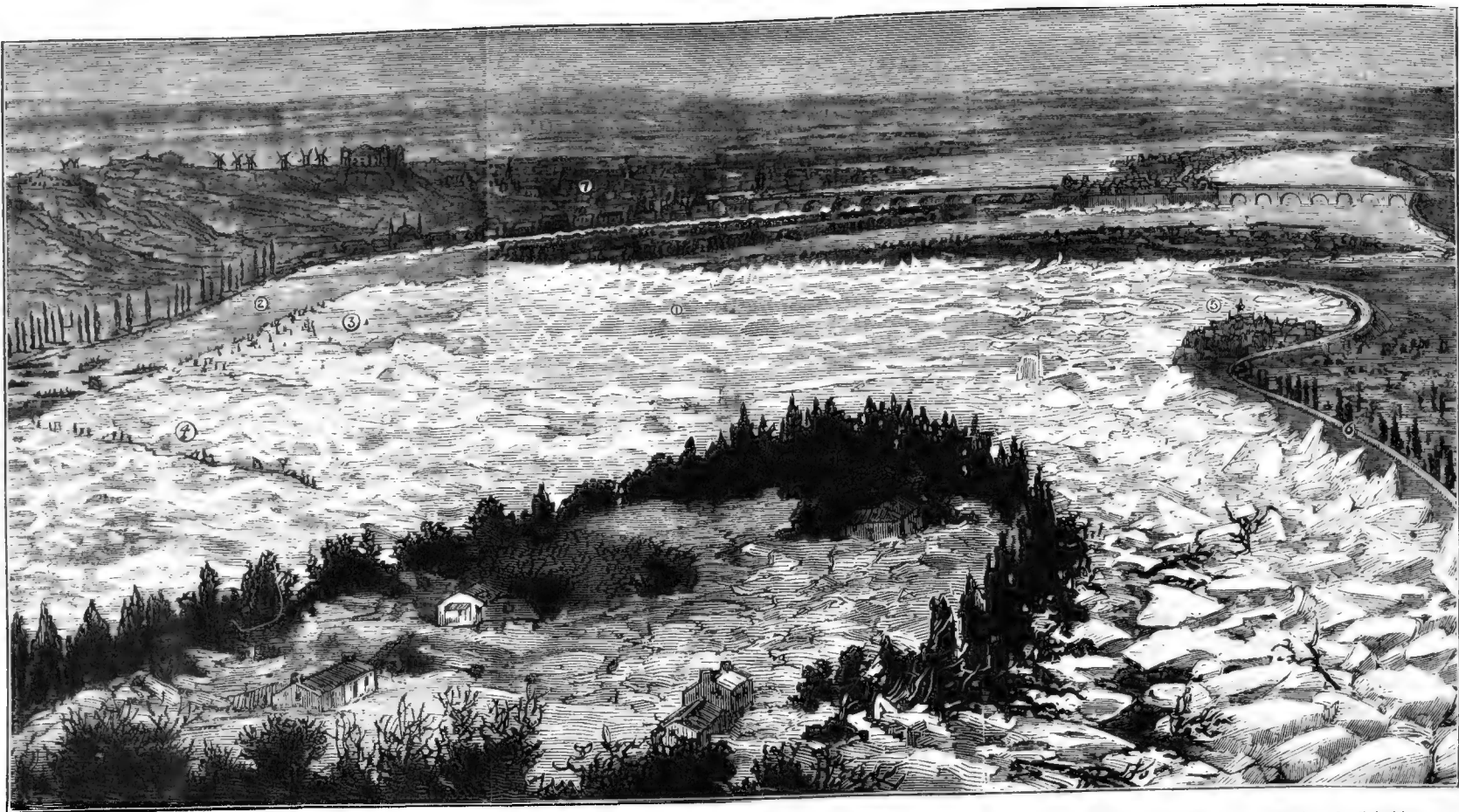
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JANUARY 22 TO JANUARY 28 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During this period the weather has been cold and generally gloomy, with a considerable prevalence of fog, but no measurable quantity of rain or snow has fallen. At the beginning of the week the day temperatures ranged from 39° to 35°, but on Monday and Tuesday (26th and 27th inst.) the thermometer did not rise above 34°, while on Wednesday (28th inst.) the reading at 1 P.M. was no other than 26°. The minima of the past few days have also been exceedingly low, that of Monday night (26th inst.) being only 17°, while late on Tuesday night (26th inst.) the sheltered instrument went as low as 16°. These readings are as low as any recorded during the present season. On Tuesday (27th inst.) a dense fog enveloped all the western and central parts of the metropolis, but in the north and east of London the weather was very much clearer; the heavy fog, however, extended to these districts in the course of the evening. The winds have been extremely light all the week, and at times have fallen to a dead calm. The barometer curve shows that the movements of the mercury have been very slight and gradual, and the barometer still stands considerably above its average height. The barometer was highest (30.48 inches) on Friday (23rd inst.); lowest (30.17 inches) on Sunday (25th inst.); range, 0.31 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (39°) on Friday (23rd inst.), lowest (16°) on Tuesday (27th inst.); range 23°.

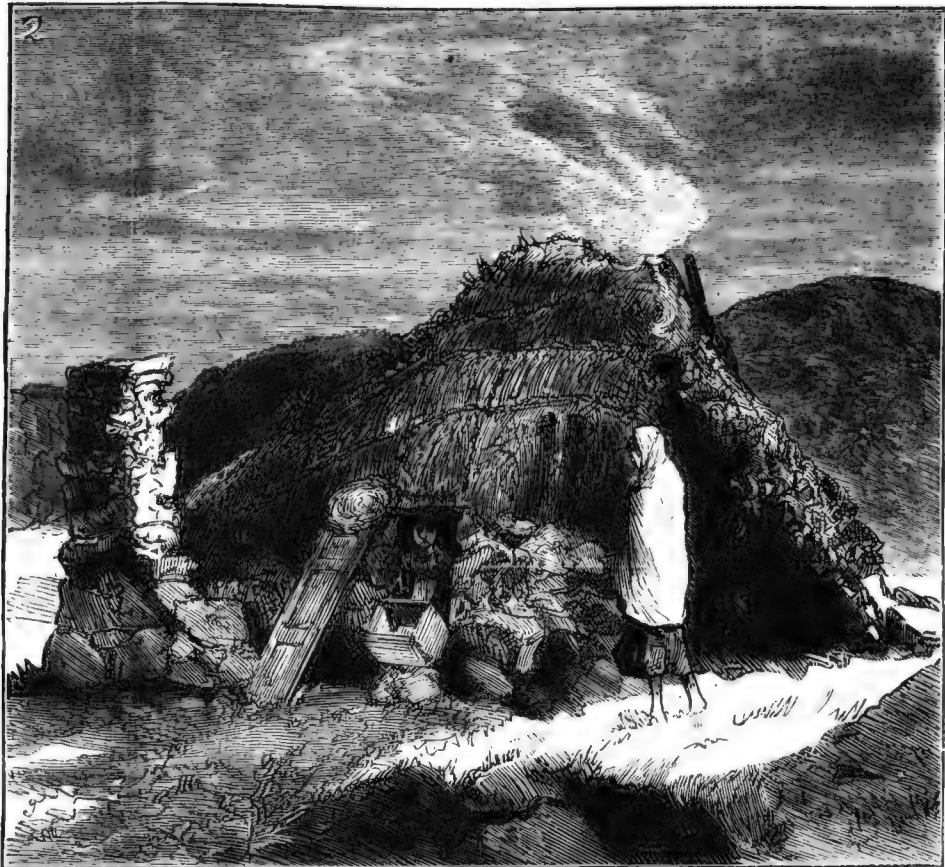


1. Lower End of Ice-block threatening Saumur.—2. Channel cut in the Ice to facilitate the flow of the River.—3. Military Engineers enlarging the Channel.—4. Rescuing the Inhabitants of the Island of Souzay.—5. Villebernier.—6. Embankment protecting the Valley from Inundation.—7. Saumur.

THE SEVERE WEATHER IN FRANCE—GREAT ICE-BLOCK ON THE LOIRE BETWEEN SAUMUR AND ANGERS



THE REVOLUTION IN PERU—SCENE ON THE PLAZA AT LIMA



1. "The Last Household Treasure": A Sketch at a Pawnbroker's Door at Early Morning.—2. Home!—3. "Helpless Mouths:" In a Cabin Near Clifden.
THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND—SKETCHES FROM OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

THE FUTURE OF DRAMATIC ART

In a lecture recently delivered Mr. John Morley put forth some excellent propositions in regard to the training of actors which are well worthy the consideration of all who are interested in theatrical art. We have only to look at the raw material of which so large a portion of our metropolitan companies is composed to perceive the necessity of some kind of training school where aspirants may learn how to use their arms and legs with ease, and deliver their lines with appropriate emotion and emphasis. Such an institution has been needed these hundred years, but never so greatly as at the present time, when all the old conditions under which the actor learned his art have almost ceased to exist. Formerly he passed a novitiate of several years in provincial theatres, from which he had to show very excellent credentials before he could even hope for an opening in London. Now the case is reversed, he usually treats the London public to his lisping efforts, and goes into the country to acquire experience. It is doubtful, however, whether the old system would work at all in the exposition of the modern drama; its principal merit was that by constant and careful repetition of certain characters, and types of characters, of legitimate tragedy and comedy, performed both in town and country, the actor, when he made his *débüt* before a London audience, which he did in one of these well-known parts, was enabled to present a study upon which he had been engaged for years, every point of which had been well considered, tested, and tried by the judgment of many audiences, and corrected, improved, and enlarged upon in every iteration. But when a new performer, as he invariably does now, has to appear in a brand new part in a brand new piece, he loses many of the advantages which experience gives him. Again, provincial acting and London acting are of two distinct styles, and there is nothing that the metropolitan manager has so great a horror of as the old actor, the man who knows everything, or believes he does, and is too conceited to be taught. The late T. W. Robertson is accredited with saying, "I don't want actors, I want people who will do what I tell them to do," and his creed has been adopted by more than one London manager. The actor who has passed some years in country theatres is almost invariably stagey, technically he is thoroughly up in his business, but he has so long been obliged to accommodate himself to the tastes of audiences who do not believe that a man or a woman in a play should either speak, look, walk, or move like a natural being, that he can never wholly divest himself of a taste of the mouthing and the strutting which pleased his former patrons, and which at once stamps him with that damnable adjective "provincial." "We want freshness, we want men who can talk and look like gentlemen," is the general cry of authors and managers, and for the absence of conventionality they are ready to overlook any other shortcomings. And to a certain extent they are right. Conventionality is the *bête noir* of the age, and is being rapidly exploded in art, as well as in manners, and the theatrical manager has to study the fluctuations of public taste, for "those who live to please must please to live."

But a good reform may be carried to excess. Let us have gentlemen upon the stage by all means, the more and the higher their social position the better, but men and women can no more be born actors and actresses than they can painters or authors, and the immature efforts of the one are no more grateful to the public than would be the elementary daubs or crude lucubrations of the other. If acting be an art, and those who hold a contrary opinion are not worthy of argument, then it must be acquired like every other art by labour and long practice, and it is certainly exacting too much from a tolerant (or indifferent?) public to make them pay from one shilling to half-a-guinea to watch the flounderings and blunderings of novices experimenting upon their own abilities, a very delightful occupation to them, no doubt, and probably to a few enthusiastic friends, but somewhat dreary to playgoers in general. As the old provincial training, even were it now attainable, which it is not, has become obsolete, and as training of some kind is absolutely necessary unless the drama is to degenerate into a mere amateur amusement, it is highly necessary that there should be established a seminary wherein the elementary and technical principles of the art should be taught, as painting and music are taught in the academies instituted for those purposes.

But to whom are we to look to give substantial form to these proposals? Certainly not to the British Government, which, of whatever party, when art is concerned, is worthy only of the proverbial Boeotia. And the prospect is little better when we turn towards the heads of the profession. The successful in all callings are almost invariably selfish and conservative, and have a great mistrust of interfering with the state of things which has carried them to fortune, which will last their time, and if it does not they will be able to retire from the revolution with well-filled pockets; enthusiasm and energy are to be found only among struggling and rising ambitions, men who have little influence, who have everything to gain and little or nothing to lose, but who, alas, loudly as they protest against the selfish inertia of those who have reached the goal, would become as mildly contented and as demure in their ideas as the rest if Fortune began to smile upon them.

Indeed, the broad interests of art would scarcely be advanced, and might be even damaged, by such training schools being under the absolute domination of theatrical managers, unless the latter could be limited to the few who really have the higher interests of their profession at heart; and even then there would be rivalry and cliquism and clashing of opinions, for after all managers, the most enlightened, are but men, and business men, with a warmer affection for their own interests than for those of their neighbours. Each would endeavour to secure the best talent and mould it to his own ideas; thus a good embryo Shakespearian actor might be won over to the side of naturalistic comedy for which far inferior abilities would suffice. But surely there is a sufficient number of lovers of the dramatic art with wealth and inclination to start an institution of the kind proposed, who by judicious blending in its government literary, amateur, and professional elements, might secure it from the dangers of selfishness, and render it an art school in the highest and truest sense of the word. Nor would the advantage of such a movement be limited to the production of superior artistes. Whatever opinions we may hold upon the decline of the drama, there is one fact not to be disputed, which is that the taste for theatrical amusements is stronger and more widely spread than it has been at any period of our history since the time of Shakespeare; indeed, it is not too much to say that no species of entertainment has any chance of success in the present day unless the dramatic element, directly or indirectly, enters into its composition. The old prejudices are rapidly disappearing even from among the more rigid dissenting bodies, and it is rare to meet with any man, on the sunny side of middle age, who objects to a wholesome theatre. Much of this change in opinion is undoubtedly to be traced to the influence of such pure and admirably managed establishments as the Prince of Wales's, the Lyceum, and the Court, and to the decided improvement, with one or two exceptions that shall be nameless, in the class of entertainments provided by the theatres all round during the last ten years; but much is still required to be done to direct public taste from the degrading to the elevating, and there is no art so potent as the dramatic for good or ill.

A higher histrionic training would naturally raise the standard of dramatic composition, and render the revival of the masterpieces of our elder drama no longer a doubtful experiment. Those theatres at which the collegians performed would be almost exclusively patronised by the intellectual playgoers, and the general public would be almost equally attracted by the force of fashion. The writer of this article would not have it understood that he expects a theatrical Utopia or Millenium from which all evils and mistakes

are to be forever banished; bad plays and bad actors, and playhouses that are a disgrace to civilisation, will endure as long as the stage exists, and an actors' academy would be no more exempt from failures and shortcomings than any other, but that it would work an enormous improvement in the theatrical world is past doubt, and that it is yearly becoming a greater necessity is generally acknowledged on all sides.

H. BARTON BAKER

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE "Brush" system of electric lighting which has for some time been extensively employed across the Atlantic has lately been exhibited in London at the offices of the Anglo-American Light Company in Hatton Garden. This company has purchased the patents of F. C. Brush, which patents cover the dynamo-machine which produces the current, the lamp, and the special form of carbon which is used therein. The dynamo machine is of compact form, and the arrangement of the magnets and the armature is such as to give a large available current. The commutator and the brushes which collect the current are so constructed that they may be easily replaced as they become the worse for wear.

Two or three of the machines can be seen daily in action, the largest of which will, perhaps, attract the most notice, for no less than sixteen brilliant lamps testify to its efficiency. These lamps are of somewhat peculiar construction. The carbons are placed vertically, one above the other, as in most regulators of the old school. But the magnets by which their feed is regulated are so under control that there is none of that distressing jumping of the light so common with most electric lamps. Any single lamp can be removed without sensibly affecting the others, and the mere act of hanging it again in its place completes the circuit, and the carbons once more burst into light.

The regularity with which the carbons burn is no doubt in a great measure due to their extreme purity. The image of their points was thrown upon a screen by means of a lens, and it was therefore easy to watch both the regular manner in which the lamp acted, and the fine texture, so to speak, of the incandescent carbon. When this test is applied to the ordinary carbon used for electric lamps, it is a common thing to see globules of molten material moving on the pencils seemed as uniform in their composition as two rods of iron. In one form of lamp shown two sets of carbon are placed side by side, the one pair lighting automatically as soon as the other is expended. By this means a light can be maintained for sixteen hours. The lamp is simple in its mode of action—it has no clock-work or wheels, and is not likely to get out of order. We have no doubt that the system will find favour here, as it has already done in the United States.

It is now reported that Mr. Edison has for a time ceased his experiments with the cardboard lamp, and that the material is found not to possess the staying powers originally attributed to it. In following the various reports of progress from Menlo Park, it is instructive to glance back a few years in order to see what has already been patented in the field of incandescent lights.

The first patent of this nature is that of E. A. King in 1845. Here a strip of thin platinum foil is used, this being later on replaced by a thin rod of carbon—both being used in a globe exhausted of air as in Mr. Edison's lamp of 1880. Next comes the patent of Greener and Staithe of the following year, who also use the same contrivance. In 1871 M. Lodyghin showed at St. Petersburg two hundred lights on one circuit; these were also due to the incandescence of some badly conducting medium. In 1872 Konn—another Russian—patented a lamp of exactly similar construction to Edison's, using an arch of graphite, instead of a horseshoe of cardboard. Supposing that Mr. Edison perfects his lamp, it is very difficult to see how it can lay claim to originality.

Mr. Fleuss, who has solved the difficulty of breathing under water without any air supply from *terra firma*, has, we understand, allied himself with a well-known firm of submarine engineers. He is now perfecting his apparatus, and hopes soon to join in the Tay Bridge operations. Dr. Richardson, F.R.S., who has throughout taken great interest in Mr. Fleuss's diving system, will shortly read a paper upon the subject before the Society of Arts—when all will learn how the extraordinary result is achieved.

Recently we referred to the growing applications of phosphorescent substances, and more especially to that of Mr. Woodbury, who employs them as a backing for photographs on glass, so that a picture may be made visible in darkness.

A company has now been formed for the introduction of luminous paint. It is suggested that this paint should be applied to the walls of cellars, ships' compartments, powder magazines, and in any other situation where the introduction of more ordinary means of illumination is difficult or dangerous. The paint is presumably compounded of Canton's phosphorus, or sulphide of calcium. If so, it will only become phosphorescent after being exposed to a strong light, a circumstance which would lead to many inconveniences in actual use. It is also proposed to mix the luminous substance with *papier mâché* and other materials out of which fancy articles are commonly made.

We may also hope to see in future pantomimes phosphorescent imps, who will, behind the scenes, be exposed to the rays of a magnesium wire before appearing as enlarged glow-worms upon the stage. M. Warnerke has used the luminous powder in the construction of a very novel form of actinometer for the use of photographers. In these days of rapid plates, when a sun-picture can be secured in the fraction of a second, it is highly necessary to have some means for accurately gauging the actinic power of light under varying conditions of time and place. In this actinometer a strip of phosphorescent paper is covered by different thicknesses of semi-opaque material. Thus one thickness will be No. 1; two thicknesses No. 2, and so on up to ten or twelve. The photographer exposes this paper to daylight for a given time, and according to its power is the material rendered luminous under a certain number of *media*. This plan is said to furnish an unerring standard for the operator's guidance.

The year books of the various photographic journals are full of the new gelatine process, which, as we hinted lately, is likely to supersede collodion. There is little doubt that it will soon be found possible to take a picture by the gaslight of an ordinary sitting-room. According to a Scotch paper, an apparatus has been made for submarine photography, so that the words "very like a whale" may, perhaps, receive a signification never dreamt of by their great originator.

It is reported from Missouri that a meteoric stone lately fell there killing a man, and afterwards burying itself in the soil to a depth of several feet. The stone was the size of a bucket.

In the United States an instrument called the Audiphone, for the aid of the deaf, has lately attracted great notice. It consists of a plate of metal with a handle, about the size and appearance of a lady's fan. The upper part of the plate is held between the patient's teeth, when its broad surface seems to act as a kind of sound-board. Sounds are thus conveyed to the auditory nerve through the bones of the head. The instrument is said to give great relief in certain cases. The old experiment of placing the handle of a poker to the teeth, while its further end touches the kettle, in order to hear whether the water boils, seems to have suggested this new instrument. Unfortunately such contrivances are usually spoken highly of only by those with good hearing, who have tried them successfully while stuffing cotton wool into their ears. Still in certain cases of deafness such an instrument might be found to mitigate the complaint.

T. C. H.

FOX HUNTING IN MID-WINTER

AFTER a long and severe spell of frost, such as that of last December, fox-hunting undergoes occasionally a series of kaleidoscopic changes. It is no longer the normal sport of early winter, when the hunter trotted securely to the Meet; and a fox as a matter of course leapt up, and gave a good run. Matters are more uncertain and perhaps from that very reason all the more attractive after some hard weather. The foxes have been put to sharp straits, and are no longer found where earth-stoppers and hunters say that they ought to be. Food may have been more easily obtained at a distance from the coverts which they ordinarily favour, and in this case they do not return to them, but lie out in spinneys, sheltered bottoms, or even rambling hedgerows. Or they desert all one side of a country apparently, and are found in numbers in quite an opposite district, though it seems a most unlikely locality for supplying them with prey. Thus in these seemingly capricious movements of Reynard it is not his "cussedness," nor yet his cunning which actuates him; but as with his pursuers it is the great food question which mainly determines his behaviour.

Few things are more annoying however than this lack of foxes where they should be. Men promise themselves a good day's hunting after the Christmas festivities are over, and leave home early before certain mysterious blue envelopes can arrive by post and make breakfast horrible. They will at all events enjoy one more day's freedom from care, and trot off early to the cross-roads. After a few hearty greetings there is a general move to the covert, a couple of miles off, commonly visited on such occasions. Alas! Glapthorne Holt is for once drawn blank. Then ensues much lighting of cigars, and another trot to No Man's Wood. Eagerly are girths tightened here, and cunningly do men distribute themselves along the skirts of the wood under the spruce firs touched with pale January sunshine, in readiness for a good start. There is much cheering on of Hector and Marksman; many peals of the horn to keep up excitement, and many false alarms. Every absentee in the country side has meanwhile been talked over, but even this becomes tedious at last, and all faces assume a desponding air. Can it be possible? Yes, there is no mistake. A whip in a very direful temper canter back with half-a-dozen hounds. No one dares to accost the Master, who emerges lower down than the rest of the pack, just at present; there is that in his face, as the lady novelists say, which does not invite conversation. He takes out his watch. "Now then, gentlemen, there has been some foul play here. Long as I have known No Man's Wood, I never before remember it without a fox; we must try the Gears." This is a neighbouring spinney, and the hounds and breathless silence are put through it also in vain. They hang their tails and begin to fancy that they are somehow being mocked, and lose heart. Perhaps they think it is a sort of canine First of April at which they have been invited to assist. The M. F. H. withdraws them as quickly as he can, and determinedly canter off some four miles with gloomy thoughts and a gloomy brow, leaving field and whips to follow as they can, to All-healing Copse. By this time it is after 2 P.M. men have grown so tired of the whole business that the more hungry slip off to Squire Kelly's, who is noted for his admirable brown sherry. Thence they trot home in knots of two or three in the gloaming. The more enthusiastic pursue the Master, and reach All-healing just in time for a good burst. Over Kirkbeck Top, round Grey Marsh, by Blythe Barns, merrily runs the chase. Then comes a momentary check. But the darkness is falling, and the hounds have to be whipped off. "Just when we are ten miles from home!" grumbled some, "When it bid fair to be the best run of the season," growl others. The Master dines with a sporting parson a mile or two from the first covert visited, who says to him, "Could not find till four o'clock! I was shooting rabbits on my glebe this morning and put up five foxes in one thick hedgerow!"

The hounds do not visit No Man's Wood again for a fortnight, so great is the general disgust at its emptiness. There are vague whispers that A. on one side of it has no love for foxes; B. it is well known, winked at his keepers trapping them; that wretch Snooks, at the High Farm next its low end, keeps two snarling terriers, and how can foxes sleep quietly with those brutes near them always yapping and disturbing the coverts? The whole country side is very short tempered at the affront which No Man's Wood has put upon the Hunt. Wonder of wonders! when the hounds are now put in; there is at once a whimper, a roar, a continuous stream of music from the pack. Out bursts a fox; then another; twenty yards higher up a third breaks covert; at the far corner the little curate (who happened to be walking by to see a sick parishioner) is shouting himself black in the face, a fourth has emerged; and all four are taking the same line of country. Listen to the horn, the cheering, the galloping! All ride madly forward, all charge the fences simultaneously; the hounds have got off badly, some pursuing one fox, some the other. Now comes a long turnip field with a little plantation at the farther end. On getting through it the foxes are seen separating; two run back, one by each corner of the copse to No Man's Wood; two knots of hounds chase these, the rest have followed the fox which went forward, and at the end of the next field lose him. The fourth fox cunningly lay down in the copse, and is now viewed sneaking off by a whip, who shouts till he is hoarse, but cannot get the pack together. Men rush forward round the copse; ladies thread it and leap into the turnip field; the advanced guard ride back to see what is being done; the hounds are here, there, and everywhere; the Master is beside himself with rage. All gallop wildly together and stare into each others' faces, till the absurdity of the situation calls forth a general roar of laughter. The very abundance of foxes has been the ruin of their sport. Two would not have mattered, but four! Well, *accidit extremum scabies!* Yet after all, such a run might have been expected in mid-winter.

M. G. W.

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND

"THERE are two pawn offices in the little town of Clifden, both of which are crammed to the ceiling with every kind of movable that can be spared from the poor cabins of the surrounding country, and the islands off the wild Connemara coast.

"Here is a sketch of a woman who was discovered at dawn one frosty morning last December, awaiting the taking down of the pawnbroker's shutters. It was ascertained that she had travelled from the island of Torbarr, eight dark miles of a mountain road, starting a little after midnight, bearing on her back her feather bed, and leaving four hungry little children at home. The pawnbroker gave her a pound, which by the way was to pay some debts falling due that day, and added another to the collection of four hundred beds already in pledge in the town.

"The townsfolk of Clifden, all honour to them, are doing a good work by helping, as far as they can, their poorer neighbours in the surrounding country. A kindly member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in the town showed me in the byways in which we live, of things disgraceful to the age and civilisation in which we live. He pointed out to me from the road the hovel shown in the sketch, but neither sketch nor description can give any idea of the wretched reality—it was hard to believe that anything human could exist in such a place. A scramble up the rocky side of a steep hill brought me to a patch of swampy ground, into which I sank at each step to the ankles; on this unwholesome spot was what appeared to be a heap of rubbish, with smoke issuing from crevices in its sides. The surroundings were disgusting in the extreme, the only entrance

serving for both door and window, was a hole about three feet high, through which I crawled to the interior, on my hands and knees, discovering a woman, old and blind, and a boy of six years, crouching over a fire on the floor. The place was such as any English labourer would be ashamed to keep coals in; there was no sign of either food or bedding.

"The old woman told me their story. Her son and his wife, who was consumptive, had gone out to try to pick up a meal for the helpless mouths at home. They had been evicted from their cabin and had some fourteen months before.

"It was snowing hard that night," said she, "an I wasn't able to stand, for I'm sick with asthma, and blind; I don't blame the folks, they only did what they were tould; the sergeant begged the landlady to let us stop in the house till mornin', but she threw us out into the cold and snow." Her son had hastily built up their place of shelter against a bit of old wall, and here they had existed ever since.

"The old woman had a sack over her, which, as she recounted her wrongs, often fell to the floor. Whenever this happened, the little boy got up from his stool, and with the air of a gentleman, albeit he was clothed in rags, placed it carefully about his grandmother's shoulders. He was an intelligent little fellow, whose ambition was to 'grow big,' so big that he might join the militia, thereby helping those he loved out of that poor home, and placing them beyond reach of that want that pinched them, and sharpened his wits."

J. R. B.

AN INDIAN HILL-STATION

HILL stations in India are, of course, what sea-side places are in England—the places for the summer change. The season commences about May, and lasts till October.

The sketches will give some idea of the daily amusements of one of the best known of these sanatoriums: a Levée and Queen's Birthday Ball opened the season, and then in quick succession followed fortnightly *réunion* dances, Gym Khana races, cricket, polo, billiard, and tennis matches, and Band Afternoons. The remaining time was filled up with minor amusements, such as picnics (generally known as "Noah's Arks"), riding, boating, fishing, walking parties, or promenades on the "Mall," and of course the usual number of dinner parties.

In the afternoons the big shops were the general meeting-places, and here "pink pegs" and sweetmeats were consumed *ad lib.* In the evenings, especially on mail days, the Assembly Rooms were crowded to see the English papers. In a short time every one seemed to know and be on good terms with every one; though in getting up Noah's Arks and other little amusements people worked in families or sets. The one marked advantage these Indian stations have over English watering-places is that 'Arry is an utterly unknown quantity.

We had a special correspondent who retailed our doings and gossip to the outer world once a week, but who he was or could be was a matter of much conjecture.

With something always to be done, the time passed pleasantly but quickly away, and the monsoon and termination of leave came almost before one was aware of it. Notwithstanding all that has been written and said on the subject, Society in the Hills will in every respect compare most favourably with that of any English watering-place.

WANDERER

VIEWS IN BURMAH

THE "broken bridge," with the battered representation of a mammoth elephant, shown in one of our engravings, spans the Schway-ta-Choung, a dirty stagnant back-flow which runs past the place where the British Residency used to stand. The water in the Schway-ta-Choung is used by thousands of ducks for swimming, and by human beings, pigs, and pariahs for bathing and drinking. Any person who has seen the Schway-ta-Choung on a morning or on a sultry evening would not be surprised to learn that Mandalay is one of the chosen abodes for cholera, small-pox, and virulent fevers. Eastward from this long creek, suburban Mandalay extends up to the city wall, of which we give two views. The moat is at least a hundred feet broad, and is covered with lotuses. The wall, which is composed of dull red brick, is elegantly crested in a wavy design, and at intervals there are small look-out houses, adorned with the serrated ridges, the many roofs, and the elaborate carving which are characteristic of Burmese palaces and kyoungs. No boats but those belonging to the King are permitted to float in the moat, and one of our illustrations represents the small Royal Barge with its bold dragon prow, and its elaborately carved state rooms which His Majesty occupies in the centre. The large royal barge is kept on the Irrawaddy, and is a marvellous piece of work, with its double-dragon prow and its many-roofed state-room. Urban Mandalay, when looked down upon from a height, presents a scene filled with sharply adorned palaces and monasteries, and regularly laid-out streets, bordered by the usual kind of ordinary Burmese residences. Within the wall at the Moat there are six other walls, and the exact centre of the city is occupied by the Royal Palace, where King Theebaw and the two white elephants reside. The atrocities which signalled the commencement of Theebaw's reign were committed in the compound attached to the court-house situated on the eastern side of the city and within a short distance from the great wall that surrounds the moat. Mandalay proper is built in the form of a perfect square, and each face of the outer wall is about a mile in length. With its broad moat and its numerous interior walls, the present capital of Upper Burmah would be difficult to take by storm, but a battery on Mandalay Hill would soon render it untenable.



WILLIAM CZERNY.—The demand for concerted music, vocal and instrumental, is steadily on the increase, and very well it is for the pleasure of that long-suffering and enduring class of hearers who never venture to utter a note, but listen patiently from afternoon to midnight to good, bad, and indifferent music. Nos. 49 and 50 of "Czerny's Collection of Ladies' Choruses" (5th Series) show clearly the progress which has been made within a few years, not only in part-writing but in part-singing.—"Jehovah's Power and Might," arranged and harmonised by W. Czerny from Marcello's noble anthem, is most effective when sung by three well-balanced voices, or with the parts doubled again and again. Of equal worth, although of a lighter character, is "Cradle Song" by L. M. Gottschalk.—Two good songs for a tenor are: "Oh, Fold Me in Thine Arms," a case of agony-point, written and composed by H. G. Adams and Max Schröter, and "Two Hearts," which takes a little more cheerful view of love's tortures, words by John Suckling, music by A. Braun.—Edouard Malrois deserves unqualified praise for his transcription for the pianoforte of Marcello's noble Psalm, "The Vast Expanse of Heaven Proclaims," and in a minor degree for his graceful transcription of J. B. Wekerlin's popular barcarole "Dans l'Aur des Cieux."—Voilà of technical difficulty and very melodious, "Legend" for the violin and pianoforte composed by Max Schröter

is worthy of the notice of executants on these instruments.—Two pretty pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room are: "In the Forest," by A. Ergmann, and "Brise du Soir," by E. Nellet.

MESSRS. RICORDI.—In the greatest degree "high-artistic" are the gorgeous and mysterious frontispieces of a collection of songs published by this firm—"Canti Popolari Abruzzesi," transcribed and versified by Signori F. P. Tosti and R. Petrosimolo, are quaint and highly interesting types of national music. These fifteen simple little duets are of medium compass, with Italian words only; for a *matinée* or *soirée* in a drawing-room they would prove very effective.—The same may be said of "Pagine d'Album," which contains five elegant songs, words by Lorenzo Stecchetti and music by F. Paolo Tosti.—Three romantic love songs for a tenor of moderate compass but unlimited sentimental expression, by the above composer, are: "Vous et Moi" ("Voi ed Io"), the French words by La Comtesse de Castellana, translated by A. Zanardini; "Les Papillons" ("Le Farfalle"), French words by J. Gautier, translated by A. Zanardini; and by far the prettiest of the group, "Il Pescatore di Coralli," poetry by Conte Ippolito Mele.—Once again F. P. Tosti comes to the fore with a "Vieille Chanson" ("Vecchia Canzone"), the words skilfully imitated by Swinburne from the Italian of L. Gualdo. We advise some of our English tenors to rub up their French or Italian, and introduce one or more of these original songs to our concert-rooms as a change from the over-written and sung ballads of the period.—One more Italian song and our gay budget is exhausted. A coquettish love ditty, compass from E first space to F fifth line, is "Non, Ti Voglio Amor," written and composed by R. Salustri and A. Rotoli.

LAMBORN COCK.—As a composer for the pianoforte Charles Gardner takes a first position. Good examples of his work are: "Pastorale," from his sonata in A, "Gavotte" in G, and "Romance." All three are excellent practice, and a pleasure to hear well played.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—That most interesting of musical series, "Perles Classiques," edited by Carlo Tieset, makes steady progress. No. 8 is Beethoven's "Andante con Moto" from his 5th Symphony; No. 9, Weber's "Larghetto" and "Allegro Passionato," from Op. 79; No. 10 is "Canone" and "Scherzo in A major," by Clementi. All three are standard works admirably arranged.

MESSRS. HOWARD AND CO.—There is a dull sameness, both in the words and music, of our modern song-writers and composers, as compared with the ancients, which may in part be accounted for by the constant demand for something new which calls forth words without meaning and music without melody. "Happy Thoughts," written and composed by Nina Monnickendam and F. Scarisbrook, is a well-intentioned but feeble ballad.—A very pretty frontispiece and lively music, the former by W. Spalding, the latter by Jules Brentano, will ensure a passing success for "The Jolly Tune Quadrilles."

MESSRS. GODDARD AND CO.—There is a healthy sentiment in the "thrice-told tale" of "The Sailor Boy's Return," written by Charles H. Hewitt, and set to music by Alfred Rawlings.—The same may be said of "Good-bye, Old Year," written and composed by Lucy M. Short and Mrs. Edmund Campbell.—A dramatic song, "The Fisher Hero," words by Daisie J. Curry, music by J. W. Cherry, will produce a grand effect, if sung with and feeling by a contralto.—A showy pianoforte piece, "Marche Hongroise," by Lindsay Sloper, is excellent practice for the student.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very sad little poem, "Sin' the Fa' o' the Year," is worthy of notice as being written in the Scottish dialect with a correctness not to be expected in a foreigner. Both the words and appropriate music are by Eugène Tieset (J. Kinnon, Newcastle-upon-Tyne).—Four songs of very average merit are "The Loveliest Lady There," the poetry of which, by Owen Meredith, is very superior to the music by T. P. Murphy (Messrs. S. T. Gordon and Sons).—"Traced on the Sand," written and composed by E. B., and Chas. Kilmister (Messrs. Cuninghame Boosey).—"The Little Winter Robin," the homely poetry by J. Eccles, and the simple music by Emily G. Janson (Messrs. J. MacDowell and Co.), and, best of the group, "Loved, not Lost," for a soprano, the pathetic words by Edith Saville, music by Pearson Bridgeford (Messrs. Duncan Davidson and Co.).—The Christmas Number of "Chappell's Musical Magazine" is one of the best of its kind. It contains nine excellent specimens of dance music by D'Albert, Lamothe, F. Godfrey, Métra, Nicholson, and Emile Waldeuffel (Messrs. Chappell and Co.).



"THE GREATEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND," by Mrs. Oliphant (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—In inventiveness Mrs. Oliphant shows herself here as richly endowed as ever, but her power of working out her ideas does not keep pace with her fertility in conceiving them. This is the story of a great heiress, and also the story of a great will—of a will, that is, great in dimensions, if not in celebrity. Old John Trevor, a retired schoolmaster, a man of some legal knowledge, some shrewdness, and more eccentricity, knows that whenever he dies he will leave his little Lucy—aged seventeen, when we first meet her—"the greatest heiress in England." For years his mind has been exercised on the problem how he is to guard the child, who is simple and straightforward enough, but shows no signs of strong character, from the adventurers and fortune-hunters, male and female, cultured and uncultured, refined and unrefined, who are certain to swarm round her "like flies round a honey-pot." At last he thinks he sees his way to victory, and devotes his days and nights to the preparation of an elaborate will, which is so to guide and restrain his daughter's steps when he is gone that she will not have it in her power to go far astray, even if so minded. His crowning stroke of policy he considers the arrangement he makes for his daughter's marriage. For Lucy to marry, retaining her rights over her property, her suitor must secure the approval, individually and collectively, of a Marriage Committee of seven persons—persons so oddly chosen, and forming such an incongruous group, that the reader is quite disposed to agree with the opinion expressed by one of them, that if Lucy "has to get all their consents, she will never marry at all." Of course there is a great deal more about the will, but we cannot go farther into that matter here. Roughly speaking, we may say that the first volume is occupied with the growth and composition of the will, and with making Lucy and her original surroundings at Farfield known to us; the second introduces the aspirants to the heiress's favour, describes them, and states their pretensions,—if any; whilst in the third we have the history of Lucy's rejection, one after the other, of three—or is it four?—unsuitable and unacceptable wooers, and her final choice of the right man—that "old Sir Tom" whom nobody supposed to be "in the running."

"Oh Where and Oh Where," by Maurice Lee (2 vols.: Tinsley).—The author of this novel, a most unmistakable young lady, seems to have a vague impression that by dubbing herself "Maurice Lee" she gains some extra power of writing as a man on men and men's affairs—a blunder which, however, we may let pass. The book certainly contains plenty of silliness, and there seems to us a tendency unnecessary to "trot out" the religious sentiment; still, for the trifle that it is, it has some pretensions to cleverness, and at least

shows good feeling. The author devotes a couple of chapters to the tale of the Ashantee War, and from her style of treatment we must confess to thankfulness that we have no more of them. "A few days later," we read, "the flames of a wooden city went up to heaven, and the gods of Ashantee howled." However, when we once get away from the banks of the Amoafu, things improve again, and after the lovers have had their painful, but presumably inevitable, misunderstanding, all ends well. In despite of "gush," the story is decidedly readable.

"Brother and Sister," by Lucy Scott (2 vols.: Macmillan).—Here we have a story very full of fine writing, very much bent on our moral improvement, very earnest-minded, and, withal, remarkably dull. We don't care a rush about the lofty-souled and highly-gifted brother and sister, Walter and Muriel Ravenscroft, or for their still loftier-souled and more highly-gifted young German friend, Rudolf von Stein, who knows Heine by heart, and translates him into English verse, with certain specimens of which verse we are favoured. But the sketches of Florence Russel and her mother are exceedingly lively, life-like, and spirited, and show that Miss Scott can, at least on occasion, do some really good work.



III.

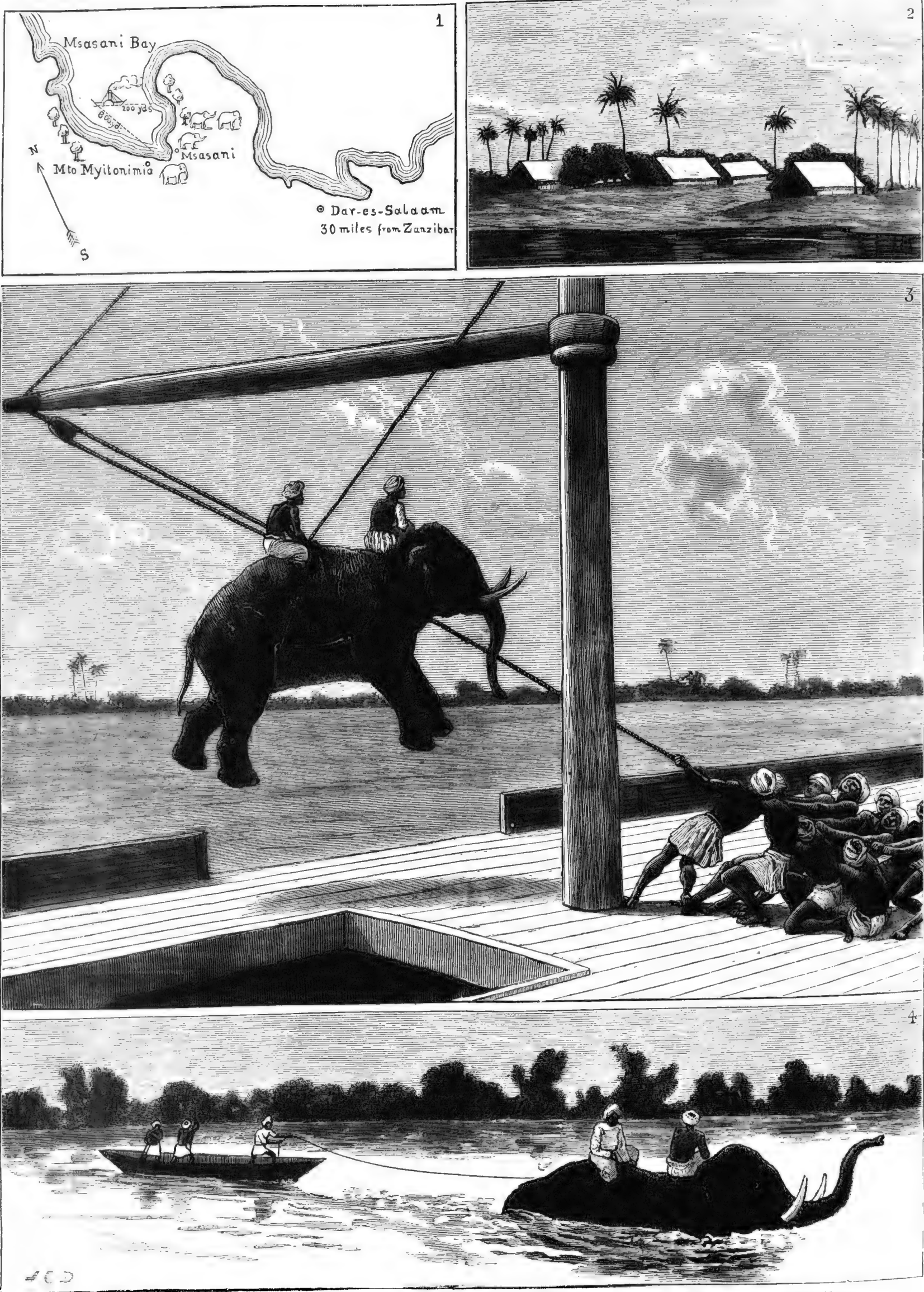
THE *North American Review* opens with a paper by M. de Lesseps on the Panama Canal, which he "does not hesitate to declare will be easier to begin, to finish, and to maintain, than the Suez Canal." He feels "sympathetically drawn towards America, the eldest daughter, perhaps, of ancient Egypt," because he believes that America is "the two great islands of Atlantis," and that it was visited by the fleets of Solomon and Hiram.—The English reader will fasten at once on the second part of Mr. Froude's "Romanism and the Irish Race in America," which contains a wonderfully clear, and, on the whole, satisfactory, account of how the Irish difficulty grew through England's mistakes. The greatest of all these mistakes were made in William the Third's reign, when, instead of fully executing the penal laws, and at the same time proving by fostering Irish trade that the English connection meant wealth and prosperity, we only carried out those laws far enough to exasperate, and at the same time deliberately kept Ireland poor and miserable by iniquitous trade restrictions.

The *Churchman* (Elliot Stock) and the *Church Quarterly Review* (Spottiswoode) stand at opposite poles of the theological world, the former being distinctly Low Church. Its most interesting paper is Miss Whately's "Egypt as It Is." She deplores the number of low Europeans who come to Egypt "because they have failed to get employment at home;" and who (she might have added), thanks to the capitulations, can swindle to their hearts' content under Consular protection.—Dr. Farrar's "St. Paul" is criticised in both reviews; we are glad to see that both alike protest against those faults of style which make it a pain instead of a pleasure to read the Canon's books. We do not say that the "Life" is merely "an illustrated handbook to the Holy Land, with passages from the life of St. Paul;" but we think the *Church Review* hits a blot when it complains that biography is becoming too subjective, and that this is a case in point.—Less happy is it in attributing to Renan (whose "Église Chrétienne" it discusses) "a psychological distinctness." Of all hazy writers Renan is the haziest. Thanks to his style, the haze is a golden one, often Turner-esque in its suggestiveness; but his own words "tout est possible à ces époques ténébreuses" express both his own feeling and his mode of treatment. In this article the contrast between the timid, ostrich attitude of Evangelicalism towards modern thought, and the boldness which can even accept and give a Church meaning to Darwinism, is very marked. The *Church Review*, admitting in theology the principle of development, is not afraid to admit that "the intellectual conception in its fulness of the 'Christ of God' was the formation of at least 200 years." At the same time, much-questioned stories, like that about St. Ignatius on his way to death, are argued upon as if undoubted.—Another interesting paper is "The Four Gospels and Modern Scepticism," which summarises the case between Bishop Lightfoot and the author of "Supernatural Religion," and discusses the treatment of the Gospels in the "Speaker's Commentary" and also in that of Dr. Ellicott. "The scepticism of the day," says the writer, "is not of iron but of haze; it has, so to speak, neither point nor density. Yet for that very reason it may be more dangerous; as it is more terrible to live day after day in a medium where we inhale the germs of zymotic disease, than to be lunged at by an assassin whose weapon may be broken once for all."—The most popular paper in the review is that on the "Church of England Temperance Society," evidently by a thoughtful medical man whose tone may be judged from the following: "A man of full habit of body makes a declamatory speech that he never tastes a drop of strong drink, and is all the better without it. Very likely; for Nature has granted him the boon of strong coarse fibres, and not only plenty of good blood but a facile blood-making power. He little thinks of his next-door-neighbours, poor, thin, phlegmatic, delicate mortals, not exactly ill, but scarcely ever heartily alive," &c. The writer's motto is that of Abernethy: "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

The *New Quarterly* adds, as usual, a story to its dozen articles. This time the story is an exceptionally good one.—"The Draining of Lake Fucinus" tells, in rather bombastic language, of Prince Torlonia's successful work.—The "Anti-rent Agitation in Ireland" tries to prove, in the face of facts, that Irish distress is a priest's cry. It admits that the depression in England has told severely on the sister island. Mayo and Galway cottiers, who used to go back with 10s. or 15s. in their pockets, had in many cases to walk home from Dublin, not having saved a penny. These men are counted by thousands.—The "Roads of England in the Middle Ages" is an interesting bit of amateur antiquarianism.—The "Revival of the Drama" reminds us that a man of genius is more to the purpose than a National Theatre; Napoleon's cry to his Minister of Public Instruction always was: "Eh bien, m'amenez-vous un poète?"—The *pièce de résistance* of the number is Italian affairs; the writer fears that a national, not a parliamentary, crisis may come on unawares, and some unprincipled man of action may repeat the scenes of the 18th Brumaire.

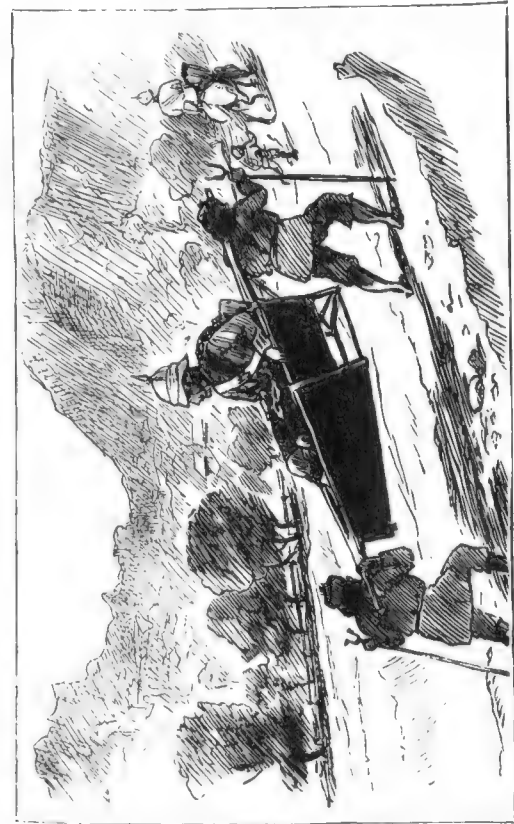
BOOKS RECEIVED

My Wanderings in Persia: T. S. Anderson. James Blackwood and Co.
Torpedoes and Torpedo Warfare: C. W. Sleeman. Griffin and Co., Portsmouth.
Conversation with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire (2 vols.): W. N. Senior; Young Lord Penrith (3 vols.): J. B. Hardwood. Hurst and Blackett.
The World of Anecdote (4th Thousand): E. Paxton Hood. Hodder and Stoughton.
Report of the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, 1879. Government Printing Office, Washington.
Mémoires of Madame de Rémusat, 1802–1808, Vol. I.; A. Faribien Land: Ernest Oppert; Handbook of Embroidery by L. Higgins: Ed. by Lady Marion Alford. S. Low and Co.
Four Months in a Sneak Box: N. H. Bishop. D. Douglas, Edinburgh.
The Extravaganzas of J. R. Planché, Esq., 1825–1871 (5 vols.): Edited by T. F. Dillon Croker and Stephen Tucker (Rouge Croix). Samuel French.
The Servant's Practical Guide: Author of "Manners and Tone of Good Society." F. Warne and Co.

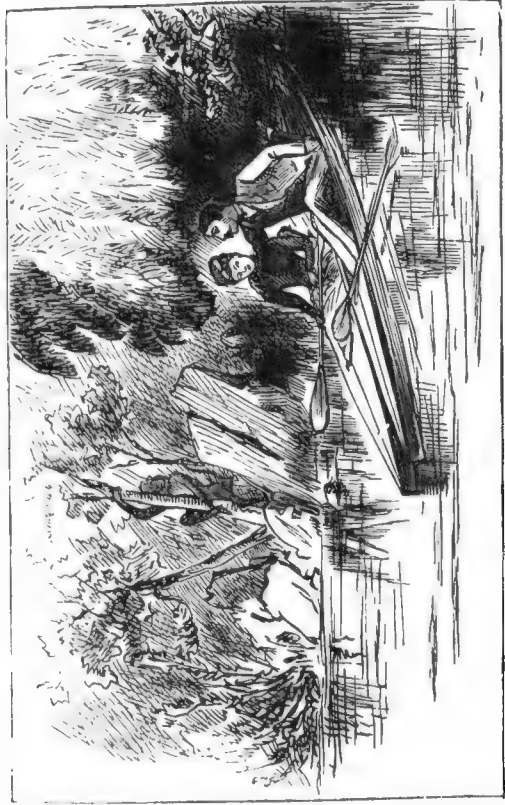


1. Map of Msasani Bay, where the Elephants were Landed.—2. The Beach at Msasani.—3. Hoisting the First Elephant Overboard.—4. Making for the Shore.

THE BELGIAN AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—DISEMBARKING ELEPHANTS AT MSASANI BAY



IN A DHOOLY



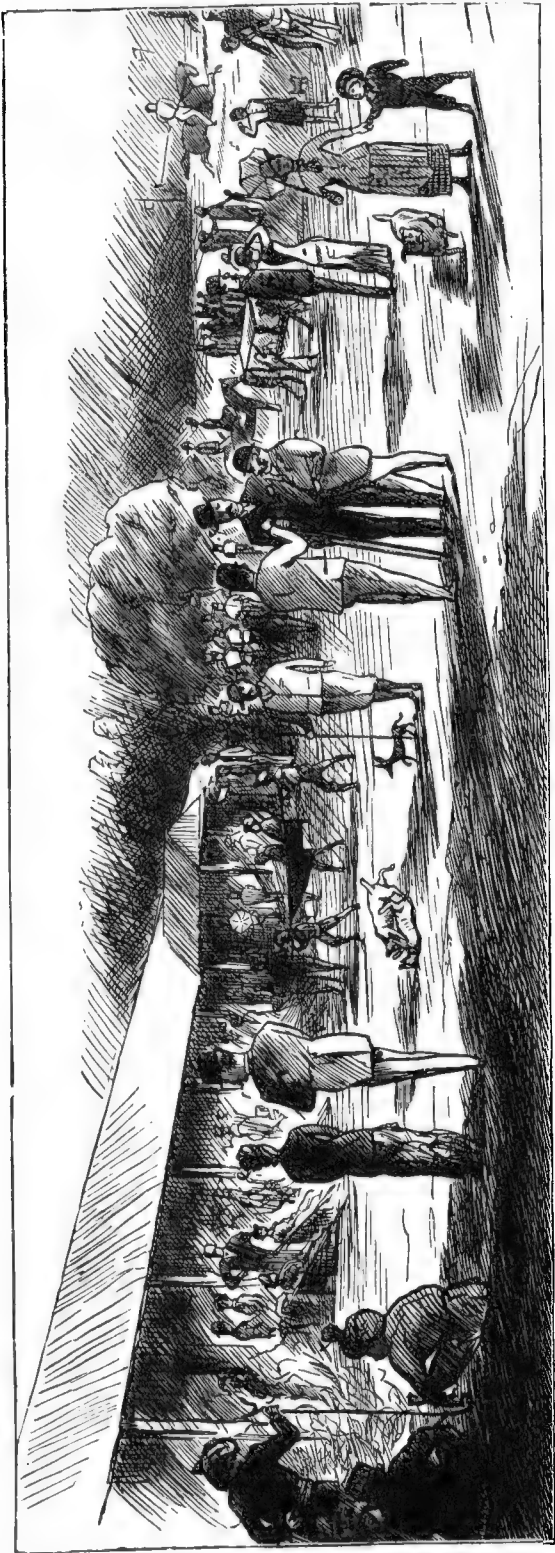
"CANOE-DLING"



A "NOAH'S ARK" PARTY



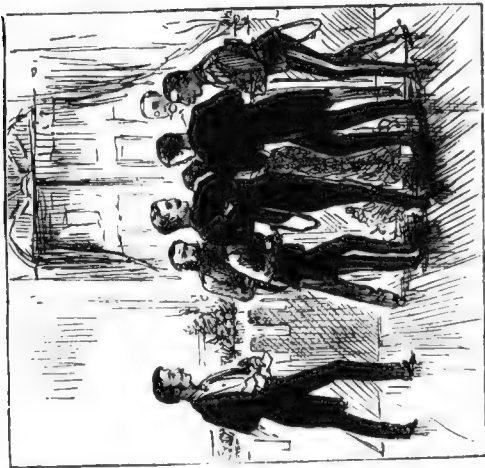
"IN THE GLOAMING"—ASSEMBLY ROOMS



A BAND AFTERNOON



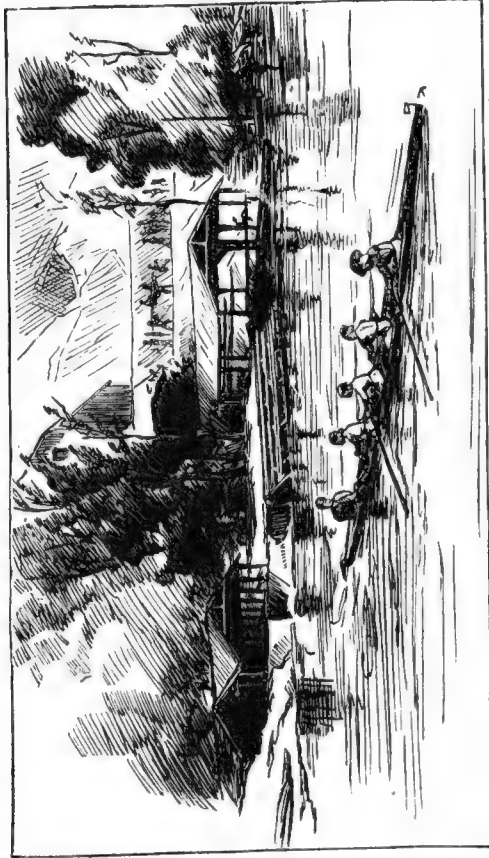
"JAI SHAH," A HORSE DEALER



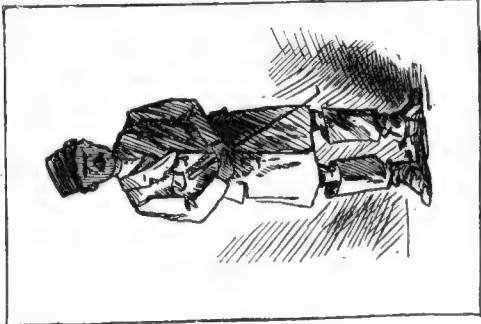
ONE OF THE FIRST ARRIVALS



LENDING A HAND



BOATING



A NATIVE JOCKEY



A "KALA JUGAH"

SKETCHES AT AN INDIAN HILL STATION

LITTLE SNOW-FLAKE—A POACHING INCIDENT

THE winter of 1878-79 was unusually severe; a second *glacial period*, so to speak, had recurred in Scotland; and, in the parish of Dalgarvan, working men were thrown out of employment for weeks in consequence of the long-continued frost. Great hardship was the result, though this was in a great measure mitigated by the beneficence of one of the neighbouring proprietors, who, with characteristic generosity, found or made work for many men in his "policies." Had the same consideration been shown in other districts of the parish, the incident I am about to relate might not have happened.

Hew Eccles, an *employé* at the village saw-mill, had been thrown out of work by the stoppage of the mill. Application for temporary employment had been made on his behalf to the factor on the adjacent estate, but in vain; and he was sitting one evening at his chill but clean fireside, his wife rocking their first child—a boy of two years old—to sleep, when a tap came to the window, and on lifting the sash he observed the face of a village acquaintance, who said in a whisper,

"Come away, Hew; you are as needfu' as I am. I'm gaun to Dalgeenie Wood."

It was "a word fitly spoken"—not for good, but for evil, and presenting a temptation which Eccles could not resist, for it brought to his mind a picture of plump pheasants to be had for the snaring or shooting—pheasants reared for the sport of the proprietor, but fed at the poor farmer's expense, as Eccles' associates argued, and it was no sin to take one when a man was starving. So he let down the window, and, in reply to an inquiry from his wife, he said he was going out to see if he could not bring in something "for a supper to her and the bairn." His wife, who notwithstanding their poverty had the little apartment in apple-pie order, desisted from her rocking of the cradle, and starting up in remembrance of a former occasion when he had brought in a hare which he had lamely accounted for, and not a morsel of which she could let pass her lips, caught hold of his arm and entreated him to "bide at home."

"He was better there than may be fa' into bad company."

"Tuts, Jean; don't be feart. I'm only gaun to tak' a run wi' John Happle to warm ma feet."

The night was piercingly cold, but not dark; "killing frost" was in the air; the ice on the Garvan cracked now and again with a loud explosion as they crossed the bridge and found their way along the bank to the Holm, in the wood above which Happle had decided to begin operations. They might get a shot or two there, and bag a brace of pheasants or a couple of hares in as many minutes, and be on the road again, and at their own firesides, before the keepers could draw on their boots. It was Sunday night, besides, and John had seen the district keeper go home at the gloamin'.

"They're cowards, at any rate," he added; "and, though they did be on the grun', they'll keep at a safe distance frae a shot."

Eccles was nervous with excitement. It was his first real poaching expedition, and his mind was very uneasy; but his scruples were overruled and his fears calmed by the veteran at his side.

"You needna be frichtit," he said. "I'll dae the firin', and you can haud the phaisants: and, if a keeper dis come, you can drap them and rin'."

So they crept noiselessly into the wood, the broken branches crackling under their feet, an occasional owl screaming "Too-wheet, too-wheet, too-wheet," in the distance, Eccles' heart thud-thudding quite audibly to himself.

"Wheesh!" hissed Happle, coming to a dead stop.

"What is't?" asked the young man, his breath coming and going quickly.

"Wheesh!" repeated Happle, raising his gun at some object ahead.

Eccles heard a hoarse choking sound like "Korrock, korrock, korrock," among the branches overhead, and before he could inquire what it was, his ear was deafened and his eye blinded by the report of the gun. Before the smoke had cleared away, and while he was uncertain whether the object fired at had been a bird, a beast, or a keeper, he heard Happle crying,

"Hae, Hew, tak' charge o' this; and when I bring down anither we'll bolt."

Eccles held out his arms for something—half-handed, half-thrown to him—which was not unlike a baby in long clothes; and he was tremulously running his hand along the plump body and the silken rustling feathers when his companion said:

"Gang you down to the end o' the wood, and keep a look-out. Gie a whistle if ye see onybody comin' or hear ony noise; and I'll rin' roun' and join you after the next shot."

Eccles did as he was bid, and waited at the dyke side, startled at every sound, the crackling of a branch, or the patter of a hare's feet, that fell on his ear. In a few minutes he heard another report, and shortly observed a figure coming down at a quick pace from the direction in which he expected Happle. Going forward to meet him, and hoping that the "poy" had come to an end, his heart leapt to his mouth when he heard the gruff voice of a stranger, saying:

"You've run into the trap for once, my man."

He was caught, *flagrante delicto*, *rubente dextera*, with the pheasant in his possession, and there was no use resisting, or making an attempt to escape: the keeper was armed, and his life might have been the penalty. Another shot was heard from the wood, and Happle might be at that moment weltering in his blood. A horror of the position took hold of his mind, and he had but a confused recollection of what took place immediately after. The keeper subsequently circulated a report to the effect that Eccles went down on his knees and prayed, and laughingly quoted expressions which were as characteristic as those of the shepherd's prayer in the "Brownie o' Bodsbeck"—"Theek us ower wi' the divots o' grace," but the prayer came too late. However soothing the exercise might have been to Eccles' conscience, the Game Laws have no respect for prayer. Night poaching is a most heinous offence, and while Happle escaped scot-free, Eccles was taken to the police office, some miles away in a neighbouring town, and brought next day before the sheriff.

His wife's alarm in the mean time can be better imagined than described. She spent a sleepless night, now fondling her child, now weeping bitterly, and going to door and window, and listening eagerly to every sound. Next morning she knocked at Happle's door before break of day; heard with dismay the fate of her husband; dressed herself in haste, and carrying her child to her mother's, a distance of some miles, she took the first train for the county town; where she presented herself at the sheriff's chambers just in time to learn that her husband had been guilty of a most serious offence, for which the statutory penalty was two months' imprisonment; mitigation of which could only be looked for on the production of good character certificates and finding bail for future behaviour, for which time would be allowed before the hearing of the case in Court. The poor woman fainted away, and had to be carried into the waiting-room. On her recovery they set out for home, neither of them with money in their pockets, for he had none to start with, and she had been too proud to ask her mother for a loan, or to state the painful position in which she was placed.

It was a hard experience, an episode in their lives which neither had anticipated twenty-four hours before, and with mingled feelings of bitterness and shame they set out side by side with the cheerless prospect before them of walking home to Dalgarvan, a distance of sixteen miles. The poor wife, weak from want of sustenance, and in indifferent health, yet "putting a stout heart to a stey brae," as the

Scotch say, walked bravely on till her strength was exhausted; but when about seven miles on the way, she fairly succumbed, and was obliged to sit down by the roadside, on a bleak moor, till her husband should go on to an inn, a mile ahead, and endeavour to get the loan of a cart. This took some time, in the course of which he had to leave his watch as a guarantee for payment; when he returned, the snow was falling fast, and he found his poor wife, half-shrouded in its white folds, weeping—not for grief, but for joy—and in her arms a precious little Snow Flake, a baby-girl born in the snow, mewling and puling at its mother's breast—a gift from Him who had breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, and sent it in fulfilment, of His own purposes, to be a blessing in the hour of bleak adversity. The hearts of both, an hour before, had been full of bitterness and sorrow; but they were now filled with gladness, and their eyes with tears. New hopes shaped themselves in their minds; new resolutions surged through their hearts. God was not dead, nor did He sleep. A Christian hymn sang the day before in church, rang in the mother's ear:

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

The Heaven-born Prince of Peace, cradled Himself in as lowly a place, would bend on earth a brother's eye and show mercy to the babe.

Light and Life to all He brings.

It was new light and new life to the downcast pair; and, in spite of the wintry influences around, and the jolting of the cart, they reached the village in safety, where the news spread like wildfire, and every one was kinder than another, striving to make arrangements for the comfort of the family; for the poor, in cases of necessity, cling closer to each other than the rich.

When the case came before the Sheriff, he was more lenient than was anticipated. In view of Eccles' previous good character and of the certificates he produced, he curtailed the penalty to a fortnight's imprisonment, on condition that he found security for future good behaviour to the extent of ten pounds. This was obtained without difficulty, the minister of the parish, whose heart was filled with mingled charity and indignation at the harshness of the Game Laws, becoming one of the cautioners.

On his release from prison, Eccles found work in the garden of a neighbouring mansion-house, where he is now in constant employment, and giving satisfaction. So ended his *first*, and (it is to be hoped) *only* poaching adventure. Should he ever be tempted to take part in another the sight of Little Snow Flake, as he calls her, should be sufficient to dissuade him.

JAMES LEITCH



MR. DOWDEN gives us, in "English Men of Letters—Southey" (Macmillan), a pleasant book about Southey and his times; for, uneventful as was the poet's life, it is impossible to talk about him without talking a good deal about Coleridge and Landor and Wordsworth and Scott, and the wholly different set on whom Southey fixed the title of the "Satanic School." Southey's power of work, his immense and conscientious industry, is what most astonishes us. "I can't afford," he writes, "to do one thing at a time; no, nor two neither; and it is only by doing many things that I contrive to do so much, for I cannot work long together at anything without hurting myself, and so I do everything by heats, and when I am tired of one my inclination for another is come round." His business-like way of preparing materials, having geographical, historical, bibliographical note-books in which he stored materials for every subject, has its lesson for young authors. In this way the "History of Brazil" and of the "Peninsular War," the lives of Wesley, Nelson, and Cowper, were written, and vast preparations made for the intended "History of Portugal" and of the "Monastic Orders." He had (says Mr. Dowden) the lucidity of a Frenchman, the industry of a German; but "the highest criticism is not his;" and we are glad he did not write his "Monastic Orders;" for, though the need of accepting the conditions of actual life for Ellen Fricker's sake cured him of Pantisocracy, he always retained a tincture of eighteenth-century narrowness, and could no more appreciate St. Francis than Charles Lamb could appreciate "Kehama." "His poetry" (says Mr. Dowden in his quaint way) "takes a midmost rank." No doubt it did its work in shaping our modern English; but it is not read—not even "Madoc," far less "Joan of Arc." The world will no more accept Southey as a poet than it will Barry and Haydon as painters. He will be remembered by the "Three Bears" in his "Doctor," by his "Battle of Blenheim," and one or two other short pieces. We wish Mr. Dowden had given extracts from the epics; there are gems in them—above all bits of Peninsular scenery, which Southey learnt by heart during his visits. What Landor admired and Fox sat up till midnight reading cannot be worthless.

The most curious thing in "Eyesight, Good and Bad," by Professor R. Brudenell Carter (Macmillan), is the account of a recent lecture in Paris by Dr. Bouchardat, recommending in the name of science a return to tallow candles. "Yellow light," says the Frenchman, "is best for the eyes; and this results in largest proportion from the combustion of animal and vegetable fat." "Does he then still think," asks Mr. Brudenell Carter, "that yellow is a primary colour?" And the question reminds us what great changes there have been of late in chromatics as well as in optics. Sir D. Brewster is nowhere; and blue and yellow rapidly rotating won't make green, but greyish white. Mr. Carter means his book for intending patients; by reading it they will save him and themselves a deal of trouble and many unnecessary questions. He warns us to begin glasses early; they do not weaken, but preserve the eyes. To save eyesight, he recommends Thurstfield's writing frame, which may be used with the eyes shut. He is justly severe on the way in which eyesight, and hygiene in general, are neglected in schools; and reminds us that a child has often been punished for stupidity when he actually could not see what he was expected to do.

What a character we have all the world over! When Mr. Van Gruisen's friend drops his portmanteau down the cabin stairs, overturning the irascible little Danish Consul, the captain sets things right by explaining "They're only Englishmen." Well; few but English would be found to take "A Holiday in Iceland" (Elliot Stock), and to enjoy it as Mr. Van Gruisen did. Let others go and do likewise; but let them not carry their imitation further by writing about what they see. There have been books enough about Iceland; with Dr. Le Neve Foster's "Ride" we could have been content to shelve the subject. Mr. Van Gruisen does visit something unknown to Murray, the ruined Church of Kirkehoe in the Faroes; and his photographs are interesting, particularly that of the mysterious waterfall in Almannagjagh (All Man's Chasm). He gets to the top of Hecla, but not to the crater, which is some distance off. The expenses in the island are about a pound a day per man; but we are assured that for a single traveller, or even a couple, they would be much heavier. From first to last the trip cost him 36*l.*, including passage money, share of crockery bill, &c.

"Eight Months in an Ox-Waggon," by E. F. Sandeman (Griffith and Farran).—Mr. Sandeman, like Mr. Nixon, went to Boerland in

search of health; and, like him, he found it, though after adventures far more exciting. When he left the smells and dust-storms of Cape-town he was scarcely able to walk a mile. After four months in the Transvaal, he could walk, rifle on shoulder, all day under a burning sun, with no food but mealie-pap. Excitement is evidently a hygienic agent; for during these months he was in peril of lions, of buffalos, of boa constrictors eighteen feet long, and floods, and grass-fires, and (not least) of being frozen in bed. A man cannot be very far gone when he can stand a climate in which, as soon as a storm with torrents of rain and lightning in long green flashes is over, a bitter wind springs up, chilling to the marrow. Yet the Dutchman has not improved physically in this health-giving region: "Nowadays the ordinary Boer is a tall, hollow-chested, lanky, stooping-shouldered lout, who looks as if he had been allowed to run to seed." Mr. Sandeman attributes this to marrying in-and-in, but climate must have something to do with it. Morally he has deteriorated. We knew he had grown cowardly, now that guns got by working at the diamond fields had put the black man almost on a level with him as to weapons; Mr. Sandeman says he is dishonest also, "robbing store-keepers without the least compunction." He heard, too, very ugly stories of Boers waylaying Kaffirs on their road home from the diamond fields; his judgment being (like that of most disinterested observers) that "when the outrages by Kaffirs are traced to their source it is generally found that the whites have only themselves to thank for them, though the innocent are often made to suffer for the guilty." Unhappily the black man distinctly degenerates from contact with whites; Mr. Sandeman found the Zulus fine, honest fellows, who will stand by their master at a pinch (this was shortly before the war); all more or less civilised blacks he pronounces detestable. "Cape smoke," the vile poison which civilisation substitutes for native beer ("the most refreshing and invigorating drink I ever tasted"), and the free-trade in which along the native frontiers does a hundred times more harm than all our missions do good, is mainly answerable for this. As for the Englishman in Natal, he gets into that not very enviable state in which saving one's self trouble is the chief aim. Thus the hotel table at Durban was ornamented (?) with pots of wretched artificial flowers, though the windows were half-choked with lovely creepers. The pots saved the trouble of refilling.

Every one should read Sir Samuel Baker's "Cyprus, as I Saw it in 1879" (Macmillan)—firstly, because it is the work of a man of ripe experience, tried ability, wide knowledge, and keen observation; and secondly, because it gives a thoroughly good and independent idea of the resources and value of a place which will doubtless play an important part in coming events. Sir Samuel travelled over the whole island in a gipsy "caravan," transported from London, and he has related his multifarious adventures with a delightful mixture of seriousness and good-humoured cynicism—a quality which, by the way, seems characteristic of travellers. We may not all agree with his views as to the Government action in simply occupying instead of buying the island outright; but they are perfectly fair, and evidently free from bias. At the same time, the Government in all probability had strong considerations in favour of the course adopted, and the unpublished history of the Eastern Question during the last three years might explain many at present seeming mysteries. Sir Samuel is of opinion that the Turks, as usual, have got the best of the bargain, and that if Cyprus is to be of use as a military centre and place of arms, the undoubted resources of the country must be greatly developed, and raised from the utter stagnation into which Turkish misrule allowed them to fall. Scientific irrigation is the great want, and the Government ought to see to it that it is supplied. Apart from its undoubted value as a weighty addition to the literature of the subject, the book is singularly interesting and readable, and no one need wish for a better account of Cyprus as it is to-day, in winter, spring, and summer, and of its climatic, geographical, and ethnological peculiarities.

"Haworth—Past and Present."—Mr. J. Horsfall Turner has here given us a delightful little history of a place which will always have an interest for the student of English literature. We have not space to deal with it as lengthily as it deserves, but we can say that all should read it who care to know anything of the little village made memorable by the Brontës' fame. It may be obtained of the author, Idel, Leeds, and is ridiculously cheap.—Mr. Francis Francis has published a collection ("Hot-Pot; or, Miscellaneous Papers," Field Office) of most amusing and entertaining sketches and reminiscences of angler-life, which will be prized by followers of the gentle craft, and give pleasure to all who read them. Some of the anecdotes are admirable and unique.—In "Great Names in European History," by W. H. Davenport Adams (Edinburgh Publishing Company), we have some broadly but on the whole carefully treated studies of great statesmen and warriors who originated or controlled six great historic periods. Thus, for example, with Edward III. was inaugurated a new era in English History; and to Bismarck is due the development into the German Empire of the Prussian kingdom founded by Frederick the Great. To the young student the book may be useful, and the general reader will find it of no little interest.—Mr. Alfred J. Church, M.A., has translated Lucian's "Traveller's True Tale" (Seeley and Co.) a little freely, perhaps, but affording, nevertheless, to English readers a good idea of the fanciful humour of a work from which modern writers have not disdained to borrow. It is illustrated with twelve drawings by C. O. Murray, and can scarcely fail to interest young and old alike.—Chatty, easily understood, yet in a degree scientific, Agnes Giberne's "Sun, Moon, and Stars" (Seeley and Co.) is essentially a book for beginners in the study of astronomy. As an introduction to a science, it could scarcely be more attractive, and it is the best book of the kind we have seen. Professor Pritchard of Oxford has written a very friendly preface, which fact is in itself a high recommendation.

It is perhaps just as well that "The Idealism of Art," by the Rev. A. R. Goldie, M.A. (Pickering and Co.), is *caviare* to the general, and we should think the few interested in the subject would not be much improved by the author's rambling speculations. The remarks endeavouring to show an analogy between the essential qualities of music and painting, and those also on "colour" in music, are unadulterated nonsense.—"The Economics of Industry," by Alfred and Mary Paley Marshall (Macmillan), is really a marvel of terse condensation. The worst of books on political economy is that they are, as a rule, given to excessive generalisation, and entirely overlook the great fact that no two men's circumstances and desires are exactly alike. Though it contains a wonderful mass of important information, we do not know that this work is any better in this respect than its predecessors. The chapter for instance, on the growth of population is, to us, more theoretical than practical, and to so treat a matter of that kind is to do more harm than good, and it had far better be left alone.—"The Patriarchs," by the Rev. W. Hanna, D.D., and the Rev. Canon Norris, B.D. (Cassell), is a series of biographical sketches of the five great characters of early Bible History, which to the Bible teacher and student will be found very acceptable and helpful. They are reprinted from the *Bible Educator*, and have been carefully revised.—Bible and Sunday School teachers will also find a useful help in "Lessons on Genesis," by W. Saumarez Smith, B.D. (Church of England Sunday School Institute).

In "The Veil Removed" the Rev. James Copner, M.A., Vicar of Elstow (Remington and Co.), has given us a thoughtful, rational, though of necessity imperfect and tentative effort to afford solutions—consistent in the light of modern knowledge and research—of the four great problems of antiquity—Creation, the Fall, the Flood, and the Confusion of Tongues. Wide-spread scepticism is a feature of the times, and therefore this

ingenious, moderate, and sensible volume is peculiarly acceptable, and it should be in the hands of every thoughtful person. It is worthy of consideration both by Christian and freethinker alike.—From the *Bazaar* Office we have received a handy, concise, non-controversial, and profusely illustrated account of the rise and development of English Pottery and Porcelain, which gives the marks and distinguishing features of the different kinds of ware, and should be very useful to collectors. How many amateurs are there, we wonder, who know that the most complete and instructive collection of English pottery and porcelain may be seen and studied for nothing at the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street?—J. M. Callwell, in "Legends of the Olden Time" (Newman and Co.), has adapted the German stories of "Bearwulf, the Dragon Slayer," "Wolfderrick," and the "Nibelung Hoard." There are many less attractive story books.

Space will not permit us to do more than mention the following works, suitable for the young folks:—"The Royal Law," and other Sunday Stories, by Mrs. Marshall; and "Puzzledom, by One of the Old Boys" (*Hand and Heart* Office); "The Children's Treasury," a child's magazine, edited by Dr. Barnardo (a fact which is a strong recommendation in itself); "Theodore; or, The Crusades," one of Mrs. Hofland's well-known stories; and "On the Leads," an introduction to astronomy, written and illustrated by A. A. Strange Butson (Griffith and Farran).

"Sunshine of Home; or, Hearts and Homes," by Joseph Hart, nineteen years Principal of Tunbridge Wells Collegiate School (George Routledge and Sons).—This little work is written in a pleasing and attractive style. The incidents related of domestic life are calculated to exercise a wholesome influence, and the heart's best affections in the family circle are portrayed with much feeling. Additional interest is lent to the book from the fact that the author is afflicted with blindness.

OUR COLLIERIES

FIRST amongst our home industries is that of coal-mining, for it is not only of itself great, but it is also the breath of life of other industries as great, and with the growth of the demand for motive power it adds to its extent. In very large degree the demand for coal has known its chief growth since the railway system allowed of cheap and expeditious transport; but not only has the railway system aided the coal trade in this manner—it has also become one of the great sources of consumption of coal. Hence, although the number of coal miners is not so great as the number of workmen employed in some other industries, yet it is perhaps the most important of any. And more than many industries our coal trade is carried on in a widely diversified area—the coal fields of England covering a comparatively large portion of her acreage. Miners thus are widely distributed, from the carboniferous valleys of Wales to the classical Pitland of Northumberland. The coal mines of the kingdom are grouped into twelve districts, and in these districts there are about 4,000 mines at work, and probably 440,000 coal miners (the exact number being indeterminate, owing to the official statistics giving together all miners in mines registered under the Coal Mines Act—whether coal, iron, fire-clay, or shale). The great bulk of the miners—four-fifths of the whole—are employed underground, and a considerable portion of these are under sixteen years of age, but all are males. Above ground there are nearly 5,000 females employed about the mines. Durham, Yorkshire, Glamorgan, Lancashire, Staffordshire, and East Scotland, are the chief of the twelve counties or districts, and they contribute to the total output quantities of coal rising to 24,000,000 tons yearly. The great army of colliers produces annually from our British mines no less than 132,600,000 tons of coal—a vast contribution to the fuel, the light, and the power-producers of the world—one, however, contributed to in different degrees by the various districts, and to some extent varying by the different sections of the coal-getters.

In so large a number there must be of necessity very great differences, and these differences are increased by the fact that our collieries are spread over many counties, and have inherited local partialities and prejudices, as well as local customs; and thus between the collier of the North and the Lancashire miner, or between the Welshman and the Cumbrian, there are very great divergencies of habit, of methods of work and pay, and of extent of coal production and of remuneration.

There is also a very considerable variation in the chief uses of coal—that of Durham, for instance, furnishing a very large portion of coke for the blast furnaces of the Cleveland and the Furness district, whilst the chief support of the Welsh coal trade is the export branch. When it is stated that thirty different classes of workmen are employed "below-ground," or in the mine, and a still larger number "above-ground," it will be seen that the generic term "collier" embraces a considerable number of different classes of workmen, and it is almost impossible to definitely determine what the average wage of the miner is, or to give accurate figures which shall apply to different classes and to different districts. Suffice it to say that a fair average wage of the miner in the largest of our coal-raising districts was stated at 28s. per week, but in that district the houses of the miners are paid for by the colliery owners, and the coal needed by the men is supplied at a nominal price.

But much more interesting than the statistics of the wages or the averages of the "output" of the men are the descriptions of the conditions in which this large part of the population lives. And though in this there are variations, yet they are more divergencies than differences. The colliery village is usually stereotyped in ugliness, dirt, and discomfort. It is near the pit, often under the shadow of the enormous pit heap—the accumulated coal dross of generations. There are degrees in its discomfort, there are local partialities for colour expressed in the "washes" that have once coloured the walls of the dwellings ere they were reduced to one uniform ground; and there are the effect of the likings and tastes of many counties to be seen in the style of the furnishings of the pitmen's dwellings.

Moreover, in the newer districts—those in which the coal trade has been later developed—there is an attempt at less architectural ugliness; and, as in South Yorkshire, the cottages rise to the dignity of two storeys, instead of stooping, as in parts of Durham and Northumberland, to the lowliness of one. It is emphatically a "long unlovely street," is the pit-row, for its footpaths are made only by the frequent feet of the passers; open channels either allow thick drainage to ooze along, or form a conduit for the dotal water from the mine. The gaily-painted doors are chalked or painted with the numbers which guide the colliery caller in his awakening rounds; whilst huge tubs for the receipt of rain-water form a not unfrequent addition to the outer presentment of the houses. In some of the older districts, the spoutless eaves make their task a sinecure; and very often the slate or tile of the roof is broken in upon by the projection of the window of some extemporised attic. There have been of late years attempts to improve the condition of the pit villages; but in too many instances they remain in a state of unsanitary neglect, discreditable to the owners.

Whilst the social position of the coal-miner has been during the last few years considerably improved, there remains much to be done before the old dog-leading, stranger-hating, and betting collier is entirely extinct. The pitman of the days of the old "gin" and "corf," who believed in omens, whose greatest delight was the compound of fat, currants, and flour called a "singing linney," and who had little thought beyond his immediate work, and his scanty and rather coarse amusement, and little knowledge

beyond his own parish and the pit he worked in—the class which yet produced a Stephenson—this class is dying slowly out. The whole condition of mining is being changed from an inexact industry, worked largely at haphazard, to one scientifically conducted, and on a widely-increased scale, in which the serious dangers are being slowly lessened. But though the cage has been substituted for the corf, and the "gin" is replaced by the engine and drum-winding gear, though the mines are deeper sunk, and coal is "proved" where its existence was long denied, yet the nature of the pitman cannot be changed so readily as the means that lower him to or raise him from his work, and in many a pit "school," where the pitched pennies are the primers; in many a "spree" on the pay Saturday visit to the market town; in many a coursing match or visit to the "pitmen's Derby," which Northern sportsmen know of, the remnants of the old race peep out. You may see in the pit villages, very frequently now, the square stony chapels of the Methodists; perchance a grimy little Temperance Hall projects its odd angles on to one of the roads; or some disused cottage flourishes under the name of the Reading Room; and in these influences, and in the newspaper which is still eagerly read at the "Corner," which is an institution in pit villages, there are the chief of the causes of the change in our colliers, and the improvement—long needed—in the appearance, the morals, and the manners of colliery villages.

J. W. S.

BEASTS AND BEAUTY

Is man the only creature who has a taste for beauty of colour and symmetry of form? We know that birds delight themselves with music, that they listen eagerly to tunes and learn them. We know that the war-horse is exhilarated with the trumpet's tones, and that from old serpent-charmers have had certain notes which gratified their grim charges. An animal whose nervous organisation is so delicate as to be sensitive to music may well have some taste for art. Both colour and odour are perceived by insects and birds that feed on nectar or fruit. Only flowers with odours or gaily-coloured blossoms are visited by these, and such flowers are provided with nectaries for their guests, and are so constructed that their winged visitors carry away pollen to neighbouring plants for the purpose of cross-fertilisation. The colour and the odour take the place of a public invitation to the banquet. It is the same with fruit. There are colour, odour, and juicy pulp to feed the winged wanderers chiefly in those cases in which birds disseminate the seed after having devoured it. These observations have been so pressed on our notice recently, that the famous lines about the flower that is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air, have lost their melancholy and their point, since millions of eyes are eagerly directed towards millions of blossoms whose beauty is an advertisement to their visitors of the goods to be had within. Birds and insects must therefore discriminate colours, nor are there wanting ingenious experiments which illustrate and verify our conclusion.

Now the great law of association of ideas may be supposed to play a part with animals as with human beings. If gay colours denote sweet feasts they may please elsewhere than at banquets. It is worthy of remark that the nectar-sipping bees, moths, and butterflies, whose pleasant moments are among roses, lilies, &c., have partners who woo them bedecked in colours as brilliant as the flowers among which they find nourishment. Do they ever relish their own gaiety? There are many facts which seem to point to the conclusion that they do.

To begin with man. When man is in that stage of progress which most nearly assimilates him to animals he is fond of pronounced colouring and of ornaments. Both children and savages (who have been called children of larger growth) are lovers of paint, plumes, and flowers, and are vain of fine clothes, beads, and glittering toys. In a remarkable passage Carlyle upholds that the love of ornament, rather than the desire for comfort, was at the origin of clothes. A few species of birds seem to have got as far as infants and savages in admiring ornament not quite personal or part of themselves. The bower-birds of Australia adorn the bowers which they construct with shells, gaudy feathers, shining pebbles or anything odd, bright, or glittering which they can pick up. Some humming birds have the habit of sticking or intertwining moss or flowers into their nests, seemingly for the delectation of their ladies at the season of honeymoon. Magpies collect queer museums, with an eye for everything that glitters. Choughs pick up coins, and even bits of burning wood. Light has a fascination for a wide range of animals. Larks are lured and caught by turning mirrors. Lizards deliberately walk into bush-fires. Fireflies and moths singe their wings. Male animals are excited by their images in mirrors, showing sometimes jealousy, sometimes courtesy, and there are a few well authenticated anecdotes of birds singing and gesticulating before well-painted pictures of their mates. If on the other hand the immense majority of animals show perfect indifference to pictures of themselves it must be remembered that there are savages so low in the scale as to be quite unable to recognise their own portraits or pronounce any opinion on them whatever, as to whether they see a delineation of a man, house, or tree.

Looking at our style of ornament nothing can be more striking than the fact that both in savage and civilised countries the head is the principal seat of adornment. This has its analogue amongst a very large class of birds. Our crowns, coronets, plumes, painted cheeks, and jewelled ears are more than rivalled by combs, wattles, ear-lobes, bright iris, and brilliant skin in species of our domestic poultry, and in the brilliant birds of warmer climes. Next to the head, ornament, both with men and animals, is always placed where it can best be seen. Shoulder-knots, breast-knots, and iridescent neck feathers make up a part of the display. Spangles of ruby or emerald are not hid beneath wings that are seldom raised. If there are beautiful parts not always exposed there is a provision of muscles to erect or spread them out at pleasure, as the peacock can do with its tail coverts, or many birds with their crests. Those insects which have a habit of displaying the under portion of the wings are the only ones that have the under portion gay with pretty patterns.

Another analogy in the display of beauty between man and the lower animals is that in both the culminating season for gaiety and display is the season of match-making. In the spring birds put on their wedding garments. A brighter iris glows within their eyes, and their habit of displaying themselves reaches its most active stage. Peacocks, blackcocks, humming-birds, grouse, birds of paradise, &c., are never tired of gesticulating, dancing, rattling their quills, drumming with their wings, and calling attention to the charms wherewith Nature has endowed them. Not only are the woods vocal, but every colour of the rainbow is flitting through the branches in the months of spring and early summer. Not only birds and insects are then gayer, but cold-blooded reptiles and fishes become more interesting in their attire. The common newt at that time puts upon its back a deeply indented crest, and a lizard (of the genus *Sitana*) then unfolds its fan of blue, black, and red, and which is a brilliant appendage of the throat. Little sticklebacks glow with love, and both with them and with lizards, the beautiful colours wane away under terror or defeat. Indeed, in the class mammalia to which man belongs the influence of beauty and brilliancy is not nearly so patent as among butterflies, bees, moths, fireflies, and birds. The monkeys whose colouring is most marked are those who gyrate and perform the most amazing revolutions with a view to display.

That there is a common power of readily observing colours in man, monkey, reptile, and bird may be said to have been established by the physiological discovery that in all these beings the cones of

the eye, which are colour organs, are, especially in birds, numerously developed in proportion to the rods, which are merely light organs. In nocturnal birds' eyes there are very few cones, and in nocturnal quadrupeds none. The chameleon, which is remarkable for change of colour, and which feeds on insects, therefore requiring keen vision, is a reptile with as many cones in proportion to rods as birds have. It is only in the adult state that either song or beauty in animals becomes potent and influential. Compare unfledged nestlings with adult birds, or caterpillars with mature insects, and a general impression of the greater beauty and finer symmetry of the latter will be carried away. In the case of caterpillars, however, their dull and angular appearance is not universal. Many of them have brilliant hues, which cannot be explained on the principle of sexual attraction.

Another almost universal rule throughout the animal kingdom is that the male, who is eager and whose interest it is to secure the female, is the most beautiful. His ornaments must be of great use to him for the purpose of successful wooing, for they are often cumbersome, and make him conspicuous to his enemies. There is also a law of compensation which should not be overlooked. Those birds who are highly musical are oftenest plain, those who are brightly attired have seldom any song, while, with certain quadrupeds and insects, perfume as a sexual attraction takes the place of both colour and melody.

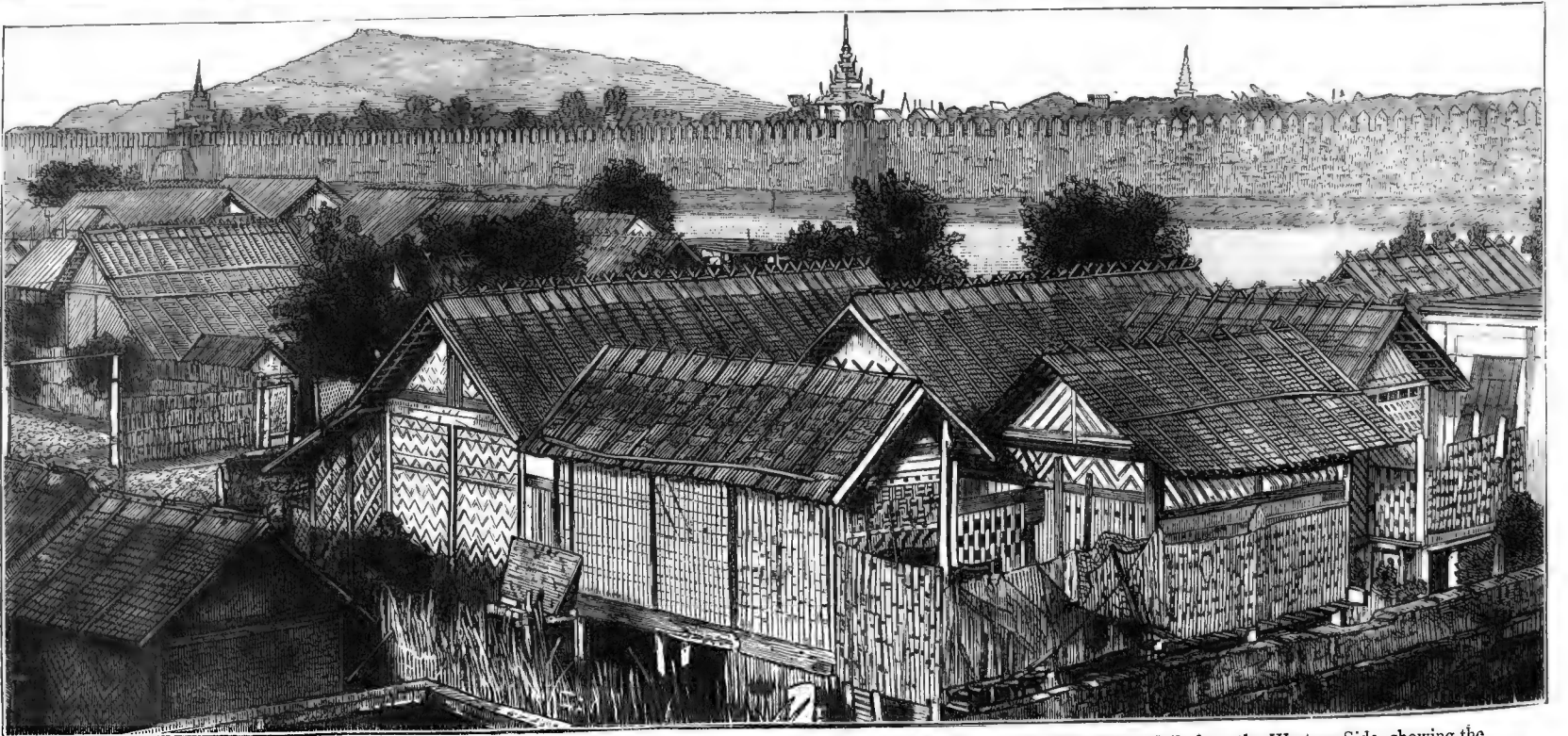
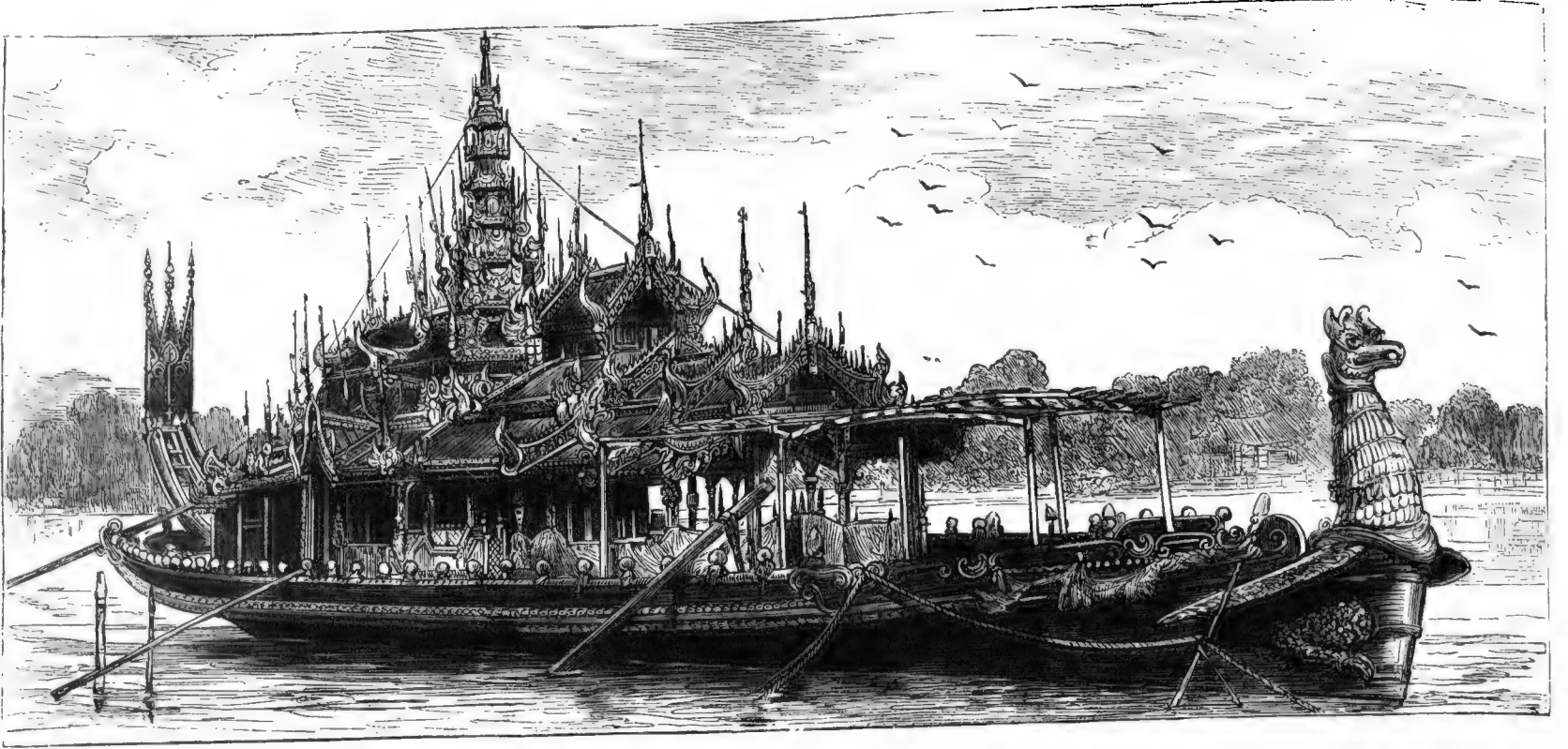
Once admit that beautiful melodious or keen-scenting animals have a taste for song, beauty, or perfume, and one can easily imagine how, from small beginnings, the perfume, beauty, and song which are the poetry of animated nature could be built up. If in any way bright colours, melody, or perfume be a lure to the female those males who were most attractive would be sooner in securing mates, and thus have an advantage in leaving representatives of their gifts to new generations. One can scarcely withhold from believing that fine feathers and fine songs have such an effect, else why at the courting should the males be so eager to display their charms? Doctors, however, differ. Those who think that volition is a factor in adding beauty to animated existence will find an able leader in Mr. Darwin. Those on the other hand who are incredulous about such a theory will find that a great deal of the colour and appearance of animals can be explained on the principle of protective resemblance. That there is such a thing as protective resemblance seems indubitable, after Mr. Wallace's elaborate elucidations, especially when we study the crucial cases dwelt on by this naturalist. Probably most of their readers will agree that both attraction and protection are final purposes with Nature, but that there are many cases in which it is impossible to draw the line.

J. S.

FURS are cheap this year in the two great markets, London and Leipzig, and yet, curiously enough, the great fur companies, the *New York Times* tells us, report a noticeable falling-off in their supply, which might be expected to have produced a contrary effect. The wearing of thick woollen jackets and ulsters, however, has much superseded the use of fur, and indeed it is fortunate that the demand has slackened, as the fur-bearing animals were being driven out of existence, and to obtain peltries in any number it is now necessary to extend the hunting grounds close up to the Arctic Circle. The American journal strenuously urges the need of strict rules for the protection of the creatures, declaring that otherwise the prices will become prohibitory.

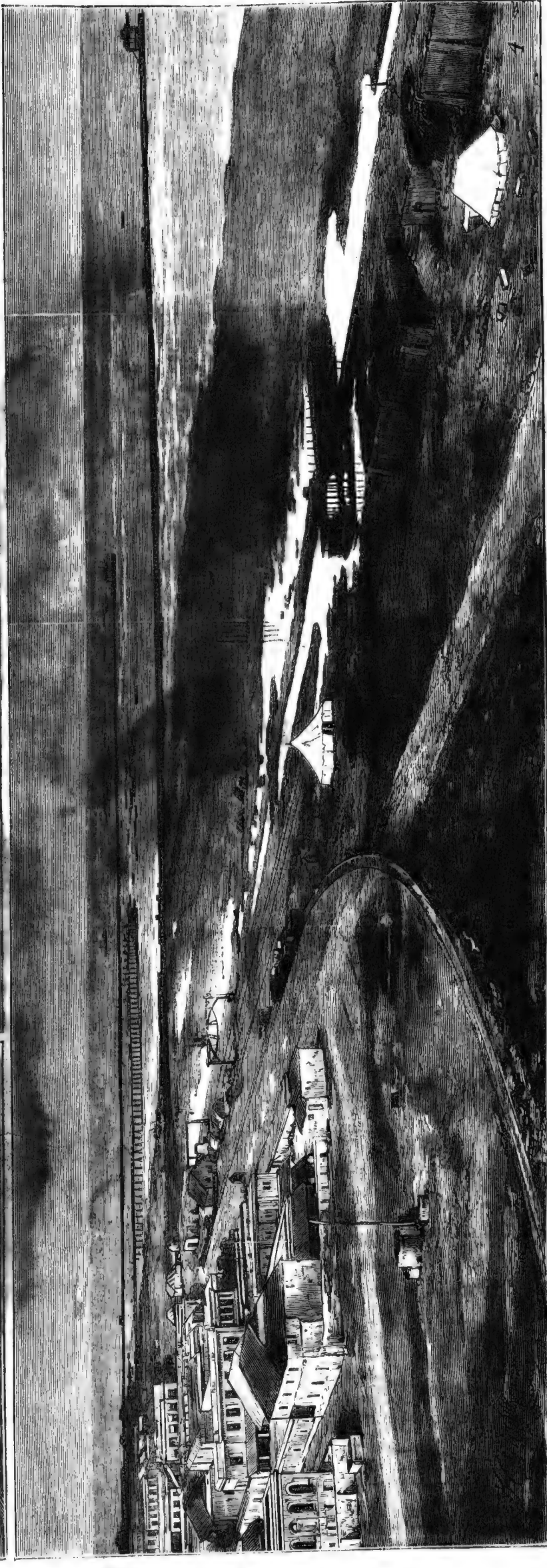
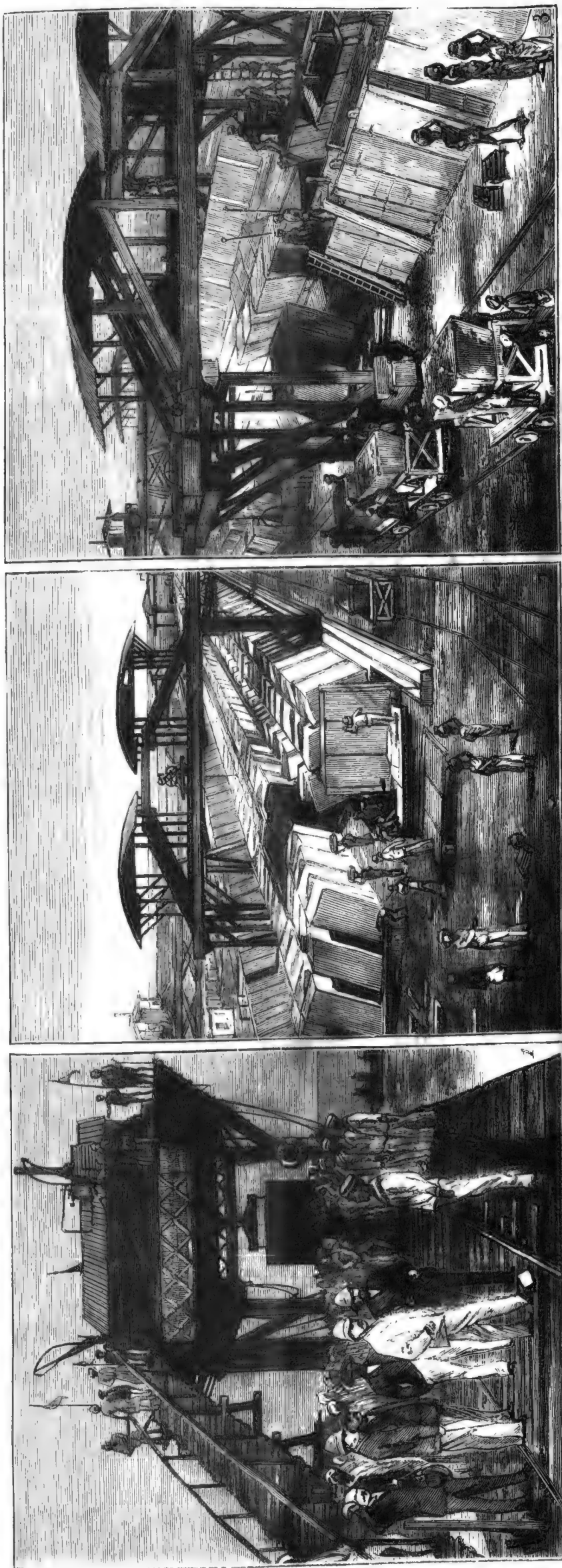
A "MAN-TURTLE" has been discovered in the Michigan Poor House, according to the *New York Herald*. This monstrosity is decidedly more animal than man, and, though thirty-two years old, is scarcely four feet high; while, though partially understanding what is said to him, he cannot reply intelligently. Both legs and arms are short, the feet and hands turning outwards like a fin, and the yellow palms ending in webbed claws; while his skin is ribbed like that of a turtle, and his back is covered with tough layers of cuticle, which are yearly becoming harder. His head seems only a continuation of the neck, with a flat face, coming to a point at the top like a snake, a flat nose, wide slit mouth, and rolling eyes, the back of his head being flat to the neck, and covered with bristly black hair. He is constantly turning his head from side to side, and moves just like a tortoise, his first walking efforts when a baby being to creep turtle-fashion. He is docile in temper, and his greatest delight is bathing, when he remains under water a long time. He prefers vegetable food or fish, and knows neither whence he came nor who he is.

TEETOTAL BEVERAGES.—The past week's police reports includes the case of a penitent inebriate, a working man, who, being admonished by the magistrate, gravely replied, much it may be assumed to his worship's amazement, that he would gladly become a teetotaler to-morrow, but for one thing—he couldn't afford it. On being requested to explain his meaning, the man proceeded to justify his partiality for alcoholic stimulant on monetary and economical grounds. "When I'm hard at work," said he, "I get thirsty, and what is there for me to drink if I'm a total abstainer? I don't want hot tea or coffee between my meals; I require a hearty drink. I can buy a bottle of cheap ginger beer for a penny, or the same quality in lemonade for twopence, but I happen to have been where such stuff is made; and I'd rather not, thank you. If I would get a bottle of real lemonade, stamped with its maker's name, it costs me three-pence—for what? for a gill-and-a-half of water, half-a-farthing's worth of lemon, and a little gas. I can't afford it, your worship, even if my will was good; which it isn't. I can buy a full pint of beer for twopence, which is fair value for my money, and wittles and drink in one." Without entering on the question of fair value or the compound comforts yielded in a pint of "fourpenny," there can be no question that in the matter of beer, which is mainly the working man's public-house drink, the publican exhibits a much more generous disposition towards his customers than those who cater for the total abstainer. The latter offer nothing in the way of liquid refreshment that, as regards attractiveness, can vie with the sixteen ounces of sound malt liquor for twopence sold at the public-house. Contained in a well-polished pewter measure, and with its snowy "head," it certainly appears to a man with a dry mouth and throat an eminently desirable draught, and to be preferred before the weak and wishy-washy decoctions teetotalers indulge in, and that at such an extravagant price; and it is not a little remarkable, that during the past quarter of a century, and since the matter has been in the hands of so many eminent men, more attention has not been given to this very important feature of the drinking question. What is wanted is a drink that in every way but as an intoxicant can compare in price and appearance with the poor man's twopenny pint of beer. It is a little too bad to ask a labouring man to pay twopence for less than a half-pint of turbid liquid—sweetened water, with a little sugar in it. True, there is that old English drink cider, but the workman who happens to get hold of a newspaper devoted to the medical interest may discover that in eschewing malt and hops for what pretends to be apple juice, he may, vulgarly speaking, be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. It is a published fact that, when apples have ripened badly, the common practice is to "mellow" the brew with carbonate of soda and acetate of lead. It is likewise a fact, so notorious that it is unnecessary to publish it, that in seasons when the apple crop fails entirely "cider" is as plentiful as ever. The individual who is fortunate enough to invent and introduce a satisfactory draught with "body" and guaranteed nourishment in it, for the small sum of twopence, will do more for a great and good cause than many volumes of platform oratory.



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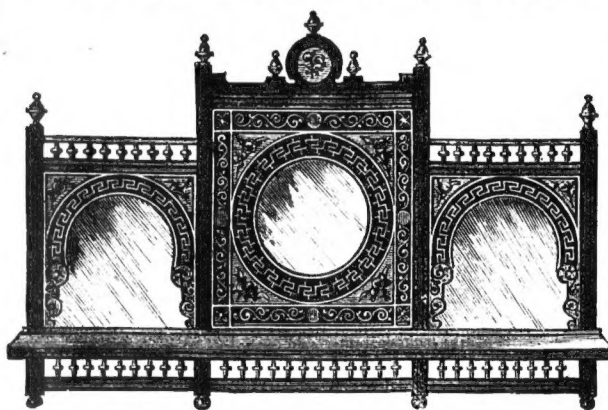
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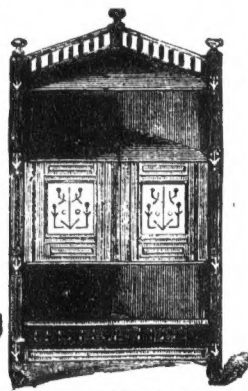
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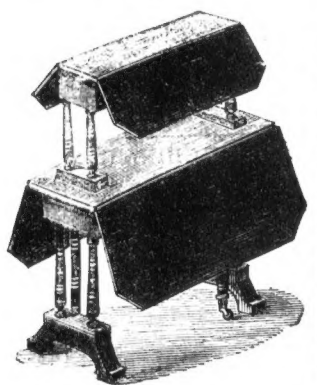
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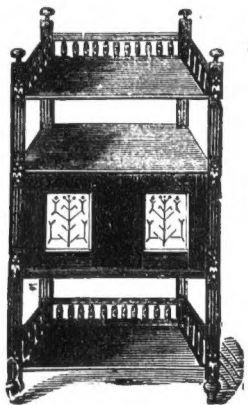
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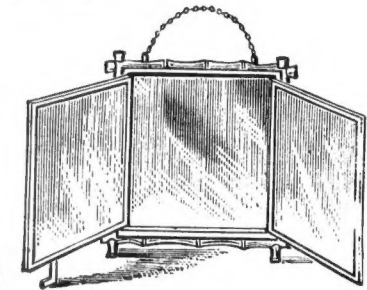
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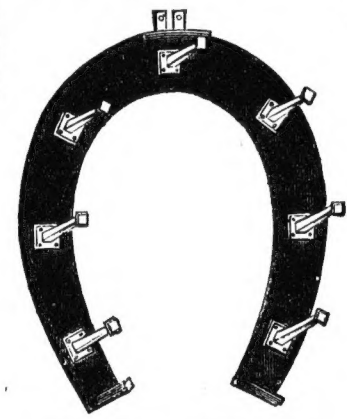
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Handsome black and gold 3-tier Whatnot, with shelves, covered in any colour cloth, £2 10s. Ditto, in silk stamped figured plush, any shade of colour, £2 15s.



The Japanese Screen, with cretonne on both sides, 15s. 6d.



The New Queen Anne Table, covered in Stamped Velvet, 21s.; Ditto, in Figured or Plain Silk Plush, 30s.

MAPLE & CO. 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

PALAIS DE SAN DONATO, FLORENCE.

On MONDAY, March 1st, and following days,
A PUBLIC SALE will take place at Florence, at the Palais de San Donato, in consequence of the Change of Residence of the Owner, of ALL OBJECTS OF ART

existing in the Palais de San Donato and its dependencies, such as SCULPTURES, BRONZES, PORCELAIN, PLATE, TAPESTRIES, HANGINGS, STUFFS, FURNITURE, PICTURES, BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY, WINES, CARRIAGES, RARE PLANTS IN THE CONSERVATORIES, &c., &c.

The Catalogues are in course of preparation, and will be found at Mr. CHARLES PILLET'S, Auctioneer and Appraiser, 10, RUE DE LA GRANGE BATELIERE, PARIS; M. CHARLES MANNHEIM'S, Expert, 7, RUE ST. GONNES, PARIS; M. VICTOR LE ROY'S, Expert of the Royal Museums of Belgium, 18, RUE DES CHEVALIERS, BRUSSELS.

The Illustrated Catalogue will contain not less than TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS by the FIRST ARTISTS.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON TINTED PAPER (DUMARIN'S MILLS). PRICE 50 FRANCS.

On WHITMAN PAPER. PRICE 100 FRANCS.

The proceeds of the Sale of the CATALOGUE will be given—ONE-HALF to the POOR of FLORENCE, THE OTHER HALF to the FUND FOR FINISHING THE FACADE of the CELEBRATED FLORENTINE CATHEDRAL, U. S. D.

Subscriptions may be already taken at Messrs. CHARLES PILLET'S, CHARLES MANNHEIM'S, and VICTOR LE ROY'S.

Subscriptions will likewise be received, free of expense, by M. DOMONICO BARBADORO, Attaché to the Cabinet of the Prefect, at the PREFECTURE of FLORENCE, PALAZZO RICCARDI; by M. ADOLFO GHANELLI, Attaché to the Cabinet of the Syndic at the MUNICIPAL PALACE of FLORENCE, PALAZZO VECCHIO; Messrs. MAQUAY, JOURNALIER, and Co., Bankers, Via Tornabuoni; at THE OFFICE of the PALACE, and at the OFFICES of the LIBRAIRIE DE "L'ART," 134, New Bond Street, London, and 45, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

STOCK TAKING.

A Genuine Sale of Goods is now taking place at Peter Robinson's, of "REGENT STREET," and will continue during the month of January. All Goods in every Department are considerably reduced, in order to effect A LARGE SALE.

FAMILY MOURNING WAREHOUSE, "REGENT STREET."

THE BEST ENGLISH CRAPES ONLY ARE USED, which stand the wet and damp weather. WIDOW'S DRESS, beautifully fitted, made complete, from £3 10 0. FRENCH BONNET and CAP, made by £1 10 0. WIDOW'S MANTLE or PALETOT hand-£3 3 6. DRESSES, made complete, for a Parent, £3 5 0. Suits, or Brother, from £3 5 0. MANTLES and PALETOTS, handsomely £2 19 6. LONNETS, New Styles, made by French Mil-£2 18 9. llers, from

The BARODA CRAPE—Economic Dresses made entirely of this new material, for Deep Mourning, from £2 19 6.

Good-Fitting Dressmakers are sent to All Parts of the Kingdom on receipt of Letter or Telegram, immediately on receipt of Letter or Telegram.

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THIS Sale does not in any way affect the execution of the usual Mourning Orders, a special staff being retained for that purpose.

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50 Boxes Empress, 1s. 6d. HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

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CLOUGH and WARREN'S
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 four sets of reeds, two of 2 1/2 octaves, and two of 2 1/2
 Octave, knee swell, elegant carved Canadian walnut
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